

THE LAND OF THE PIGMIES

BY
CAPTAIN
GUY
BURROWS



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THE LAND OF THE PIGMIES



Yours truly
Guy Darrow.

The Land of the Pigmies

BY
CAPTAIN GUY BURROWS

(Captain Commandant, Congo Free State)

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
H. M. STANLEY, M.P.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR,
AND MAPS



London
C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED
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Dedicated,

BY PERMISSION,

TO

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

INTRODUCTION

HAVING been the means through which the author of this latest volume of Congo travels was induced to take a part in the development of the more distant regions of the Congo Free State, it is but fitting that I should give a few particulars respecting him.

Captain Guy Burrows descends from a well-known English military family. His great-grandfather was a General of Engineers, so likewise was his grandfather. Two of his uncles were also distinguished officers who attained similar rank in the same branch of the service, while his father, General G. R. S. Burrows, became Quarter-Master General in the Bombay army. It was therefore but a natural bent in our author to adopt the same honourable profession, and since he was gazetted to the 7th Fusiliers in August, 1880, Captain Burrows has seen considerable service. In December, 1880, he joined the 2nd Battalion at

Kandahar, and remained continuously in India until invalided in June, 1885. On reporting for duty, he was sent to Egypt to be attached to the 1st Battalion, and in February, 1887, he had the command of Shellal (1st Cataract) given to him. In the following April he was promoted to a captaincy, and commanded the British detachment at Assun during the summer and autumn of that year. He retired from the Army in November, 1888.

In 1894 the Congo State authorities being desirous of opening the region around the Upper Wellé-Mobanghi, requested me to nominate a few unemployed British officers who would be disposed to serve a term in that remote corner of the State. Among those who hailed the opportunity and expressed themselves eager for service was Captain Guy Burrows. As both figure and appearance recommended him as physically qualified, and he was possessed of indisputable credentials, he had no sooner presented himself at Brussels than he was engaged as a district commander in the Wellé-Mobanghi division. That his services were appreciated may be judged by his promotions, for in less than a year he was appointed to the command of the Makua (Upper Wellé) Zone, and in February, 1897, was placed in charge of the Rubi-Wellé Zone. As his three-year term drew to a close he was attacked with a severe hæmaturic fever, but

unwilling to leave before he had fulfilled his contract, he held on to his post, and only when he had exceeded his term did he consent to retire. He reached Europe on the 17th of September, 1897, having been absent from home nearly three and a quarter years. He has now completely recovered his health, and before this book will be published he will be well on his way back to the Congo to take up his new appointment of Commissioner of the Aruwimi Districts.

With regard to this first literary effort of Captain Burrows I need say but little. Its title is a fascinating one, and suggests the satisfaction of our legitimate curiosity respecting the little people whom the Emin Relief Expedition discovered in such numbers in the great forest traversed by the Aruwimi. As our author had an enormous number of unknown tribes to describe within limited space, he has selected for treatment only a few of the principal, such as the Mangbettou (Monbuttu), Ababwas, Azandé, Maigoes, Mabodé, Momvus, among whom the Pigmies live. Our information respecting these tribes has been hitherto but scant. Schweinfurth, Junker, Casati, and Emin reached the threshold of the region herein specified as the Land of the Pigmies ; but since their time circumstances have altogether changed, and the country has been penetrated through and through several times. Fortified stations dot the banks of the

Wellé-Makua, and caravans are constantly passing and repassing between the Lower Mobanghi and the White Nile. Most of the country was an absolute *terra-incognita* until the gallant Van Kherkhoven led his column to the Nile from the west; and therefore this first description of the country and its wild inhabitants by an English officer who has assisted in its administration for a number of years ought to be welcome.

Captain Burrows's book possesses several merits. In the first place it is brief, and gives us a very good idea of the lands haunted by the Pigmies, as well as of the characteristics of the larger aborigines, some of whom, it appears, have qualities that must prove of great value when their savagery has been softened by greater intercourse with the whites. What the Congo State has been doing in the countries bordering the Wellé, or how it is progressing in its work of clearing the darkness and mystery that have so long shrouded them, seems to be a secondary matter. Of his marches and countermarches he says little, the incidents of his daily life he leaves untold, and of his hunting exploits, harassments, fevers, feelings and emotions he is unusually shy. Captain Burrows has preferred to treat only of the natives and their ways, and I am bound to admit that I found his book so interesting that I read it through at a sitting.

Lord Salisbury's recent reference to "dying

nations " in his late speech has led a writer in the *Spectator* to include the Congo State as among the moribund, though singularly enough people in Brussels and on the Congo profess to be entirely ignorant that there is anything to justify such a statement, and personally I have not the remotest idea what he can refer to. The author of this novel jeremiad will perhaps excuse me if I ask him not only to read but to study King Leopold's letter attached to this book, and if he does it with a clear understanding I venture to say he will entertain a different opinion.

Brief as Captain Burrows's description of the regions of the Wellé countries are, they yet suffice to bring to me very vividly the realities of savage anarchy. They remind me of the state I found the Congo basin to be in between 1876-1884, but when I think of what the banks of the Congo are to-day I am compelled more than ever to acknowledge what great gratitude the civilised world owes to King Leopold for his matchless sacrifices in behalf of the inhabitants of this region.

Carlyle says that "to subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom, to let light on chaos, and make it instead a green flowery world, is great beyond all other greatness, work for a God!" Who can doubt that God chose the King for His instrument to redeem this vast slave park whence Dongolawi

and Arab, Bakongo and Portuguese half-caste slave traders culled their victims for the slave market. King Leopold found the Congo region "stained by wasteful deformities, tears, and hearts' blood of myriads," cursed by cannibalism savagery and despair; and he has been trying with a patience, which I can never sufficiently admire, to relieve it of its horrors, rescue it from its oppressors, and save it from perdition. Some who have marked what he has been doing think he has been too slow, others say he has been going too fast; some are out of patience with the tedious process of conversion and civilisation, and think the betterment of a few thousand of the inhabitants of no account; others again jibe and mock and sneer at all his efforts, and predict certain failure; still the King continues to keep his treasury open, spends his million francs every year with undiminishing faith that in the end all will come right.

I am sorry to have to admit that our Press have been the severest critics of the King, and the most persistent in fault-finding. It almost seems as though the civilisation of the Congo was for some reason peculiarly obnoxious to the English. From the very beginning in 1877, when I mooted the idea first, every one who has been prominent in this work has been the subject of censure, and English opposition to it has been strenuous and

untiring. The English would have nothing to do with the Congo themselves, they were averse from recognising the Portuguese claims, the French were denounced for coveting it, and the efforts of the Belgians to improve the portion allotted to them by the Berlin Conference have been always discouraged and followed by ominous prediction. I can make nothing of this temper because it is so unreasonable and unjustifiable, and I cannot even guess as to what the British Press would wish to have done to the Congo. It cannot be abandoned to revert to a wilderness, it cannot belong to England, and it would scarcely suit the English to have it transferred to France, Germany, or to Portugal. Why do our writers, then, object to hear of steady progress being made on the Congo under Belgian administration, and prefer to publish malignant letters from some dismissed official or splenetic missionary on which they may base their prognostications of speedy dissolution, rather than on facts which cannot be disproved and which point to opposite conclusions ?

For 1898 the revenue of this State said to be “dying” is estimated at £590,000, inclusive of the subsidies of King Leopold and the Belgian Government—that is to say, the sum of £470,000 will be drawn out of the State itself, and be it remembered this revenue has grown from *nil* within fourteen years. The debt is no doubt

large having regard to the present revenue, and the continued annual expenditure which exceeds it, but a glance at the condition of the State, say in 1885, when it came into being, ought to satisfy any intelligent person that without such generous external aid its existence would have been impossible. It is also better to have incurred such a debt in creating and preserving the State than to have forfeited it through allowing it to stagnate and neglect of effective occupation. The present question of Boussa and Nikki has arisen through our neglect of the obligations which were imposed upon all Powers possessing African territory. Our indifference to our boundaries has resulted in France annexing territory far within our own borders.

King Leopold in his letter remarks that "the Congo is a state whose boundaries are occupied and guarded—a result nearly unequalled in the history of colonisation, but which is explained by the concentration of all my efforts in one field of action." It was for this object of securing the boundaries that the greatest expenditure was incurred. To judge whether it was a proper prudence must be left to those who remember the history of the State. At any rate it will not be denied, even by the writer in the *Spectator*, that had we paid similar attention to our boundaries in Nigeria, East Central Africa, and on the Nile

we should have had no anxieties respecting Boussa and Nikki in the West, Fashoda on the Nile, or the extent of the Abyssinian incursions. Relying upon our prestige and dignity as a first-class Power, we thought that by merely painting our spheres red we should be safe against intrusion. We were, however, deceived, and it may cost us a hundred millions to recover our rights.

Now the question is: Had the infant State, which had no force, no past, and no prestige, left her boundaries unoccupied and unprotected, how much would have been left of it by now? The next question is, Was the avoidance of contentious questions between France and the Congo State worth the large expenditure lavished on the frontier stations?

The experience of the South African Company also goes to show that if you would reap you must sow, and that as you sow you may expect to reap. The debt and revenue of the Chartered Company approximate that of the Congo State. Rhodesia has hitherto suffered, and still suffers, from want of sufficient means of transport. True, we know the railway has recently reached Bulawayo, but the Goldfields, on which Rhodesia depends for revenue, are still distant from that town, and much remains to be done in the way of railway extension to satisfy the needs of the country, and justify the faith of investors.

Four months after the arrival of the railway at Bulawayo the locomotive reached Stanley Pool, but instead of railway extension the Congo State only requires larger steamers to bring to the upper terminus the 60,000 tons of produce, which the railway will need to have its full capacity employed. It will not be long before the 20,000 miles of the upper river banks now accessible will be abundantly able to furnish that amount of freight. What the gold output of Rhodesia will do for Rhodesian revenue, the rubber, gum, and timber products of 400,000 square miles of forest are expected to do for the Congo State.

Since 1891 there have been planted on the Upper Congo 1,500,000 coffee and 200,000 cocoa plants, and the export of rubber has risen from a few pounds in 1885 to 3,570,756 lbs. in 1897. The value of this amount is stated to be £357,056. In 1884 the exports from the Upper Congo were *nil*, in 1897 they were valued at £621,688. It ought to be remembered that this produce was carried on men's shoulders; and now that the railway is at Stanley Pool, what may we not expect in a few years when the coffee and cocoa plants are in full bearing, the saw-mills turning out their hard-wood logs—mahogany, teak, green-heart, and ironwood—by the hundred thousand, every river-bank with rubber-bearing plants diligently searched, and the gum deposits yielding

up their wealth to the prospectors? But it is unnecessary to dilate upon the prospect. It is enough to say that out of England few people are pessimistic in regard to the future of the State.

The King further says that now the difficulties encountered in establishing and provisioning the distant posts, and maintaining the communications, "will be greatly reduced by the completion of the railway to Stanley Pool;" the progress which was hitherto but moderate, considering the means of transport, must be greatly accelerated. To the State and its 1,600 white officials, merchants, and missionaries, most of whom are on the Upper Congo, the gain will be substantial. The tedious journey past the cataracts occupied twenty days, but the train, though only running during daylight, will do the distance in two days. On the Upper River are some sixty steamers and steel boats, all of which were carried by black porters in weights of 60 lbs. It also required an army of 40,000 native carriers to annually convey the goods and provisions needed for business and existence by the Europeans. It was cruelly severe labour these natives were engaged in, though they volunteered readily for the transport service. Now, however, these carriers are no longer needed, and the State is suddenly enriched by the departure of these men, who have been trained by years of

industrious habits, to other fields, to collect rubber and gum, oil and palm nuts, &c., &c., which they know will be bought for cash at every dépôt. The expense of transport will be lessened by two-thirds, and this economy will be net gain to the State.

Captain Guy Burrows and his companions now on their way to the Congo will doubtless greatly appreciate the advantages of the railway. On the twentieth day from Antwerp they will reach the railway station at Matadi, and towards the evening of the day after they left it they will reach the Pool, and ten days later they will be comfortably housed within the fortified station at the mouth of the Aruwimi—nearly 1,300 miles from the Atlantic. Before their contract term has expired the speed of steamers and railway will have been so accelerated that they will be able to reach home in twenty-four days. Neither in their going out or their return home will their strength and energy be exhausted as in the past. When the gallant Captain comes home again I hope he will be able to furnish us with another book, wherein he will tell us about the newer developments in the State which followed the introduction of the railway, and the linking of the Upper Congo flotilla with the Ocean Mail steamers and what resulted from the abolition of the carrier system.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

May 16, 1898.

2, RICHMOND TERRACE, WHITEHALL, LONDON.

PREFACE

THE mouth of the Congo was discovered in 1484 by Diego Cam, a Portuguese naval officer, and member of the household of King Juan II., who at that time took part in an expedition which was coasting the African continent with the object of discovering the East Indies. To commemorate this finding of the Congo a pillar was erected on the southern promontory of the Delta, which is still known as the Padraõ Foreland, *padraõ* being the Portuguese for pillar. The explorers called the stream the Zaïre, from the word *Nzadi*, which means river; and it was not until the early part of the seventeenth century that the stream was first described on maps as the Rio de Congo.

Ancient descriptions, which date back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are based upon stories brought home by traders, and in no way raise the veil of mystery which enshrouds the interior of the country, of which they give most fanciful accounts. From that time until the beginning of the present century the history of the

Congo is taken up by the Portuguese, who spread the gospel among the people subject to their rule.

The kingdom of the Congo proper was bounded on the north by the river whence it derives its name, on the south by the river Kuanza, and stretched some miles in an easterly direction.

A cathedral was erected at Ambassa which became the seat of a bishopric in 1534. When the King of the Congo was converted to Christianity the name of the city was changed to San Salvador, and later on the Roman Catholic see was transferred to St. Paul de Loanda.

In 1784 the Portuguese built a fort at Kabinda, thirty miles north of the mouth of the Congo, in order to mark the occupation of the kingdom by Portugal ; but a French squadron compelled them to dismantle this stronghold. Along the Congo there were also stations at which slaves were embarked ; these were transferred to St. Paul de Loanda together with the bishopric.

James Kingston Tuckey, the leader of the expedition dispatched by the British Government in 1816, gives the first precise description of the Lower Congo, from its mouth to a distance of 170 miles into the interior. Tuckey mentions the presence of numerous slave-dealers along the banks—owners of “baracoons,” with which they did a lucrative business. In 1810, when the

European Powers resolved to abolish the slave trade, Portugal alone refused to adhere to the convention, and in 1816 two thousand slaves were still being shipped annually from the Congo.

In 1867 Livingstone discovered the Tchambesi, running westward to the south of Tanganika, and mistook it for the source of the Nile. He explored the river as far as Lake Bangwelo, and between 1868 and 1871 he came to the conclusion that it issued from that source under the name of Luapula, flowing northwards into Lake Moero, from which it emerged under the name of Lualaba. He again found the same river at Nyangwe, a town in Manyema, at a distance of 1,300 miles from its source. At this point it had attained an enormous breadth.

In October, 1876, the expedition despatched by the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* under Stanley reached the Arab town of Nyangwe. It was from here that Stanley made his famous descent of the river to the ocean. After travelling two hundred and eighty-one days, the expedition came in sight of the Atlantic, having traversed 1,660 miles by water and 140 miles by land.

The Tchambesi, Lake Bangwelo, the Luapula, Lake Moero, and the Lualaba were then all proved to be parts of the Upper Congo, which was thus followed in its entirety four hundred years after the discovery of its mouth by the

Portuguese, and shown to cross Central Africa from east to west, and to form a natural means of communication with the very heart of the Dark Continent.

The first African expedition to start from the East Coast left Europe on the 23rd of January 1879, with Stanley at its head, proceeding first to Zanzibar, where a number of servants of the former expedition, and many Zanzibaris, were recruited. Stanley reached the mouth of the Congo on the 14th of August, and there found the Belgian flotilla awaiting him. On board the *Esperance* he ascended the Congo as far as Vivi, the furthest navigable point, where he erected a station under many difficulties. In March 1880, he began to construct a track between Vivi and Isangila, which he reached in February 1881, having transported his heavy loads and his boats, mounted on waggons, and dragged by negroes, through a country bristling with almost impassable forests.

I am well aware that several earlier explorers have given to the public interesting accounts of their travels and discoveries in remote African regions, and it is a pleasure to me to have been able to record some further and fresh information gathered by personal experience in parts where no white man had trodden before.

G. B.

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CHAPTER I

Mr. Stanley's advertisement—I am ordered to Semio—The journey—Matadi—Lukungu—Leopoldville—The principal races—Their food—Their dress—The Musserongés—Fetish-priests—The Babuendi—The voyage up the river—The Roman Catholic Mission—Equator station—The Ubanghi—We journey in dug-outs—Mokoangai—Banzville—A native's idea of a flogging—A ransomed slave—Yakoma—I become a "blood-brother"—The ceremony.

IN June, 1894, hearing that Mr. Stanley had been asked by the Congo Free State to find a few English officers for their forces, I placed myself at his disposal, and set out at once with a letter of introduction from him to their Secretary of State, who was then at Brussels. Arrangements were quickly made, and within a week I was on board the *Königin Wilhelmina*, outward bound for Boma, knowing nothing of my ultimate destination, but well satisfied at holding a captain's commission in the *Force Publique*, and keen for active service on the Upper Congo.

Hardly had we landed at Boma when I was sent forward, with several other officers, to Matadi, a rising station some forty miles higher up the Congo river, where we found everything in bustle and confusion. Caravans were arriving from up-country laden with ivory and rubber, and leaving for Stanley Pool with bales of cloth, rolls of brass wire, and other useful merchandise. Recruits fresh



MATADI (DOWN-STREAM).

from the West Coast were amusingly at cross-purposes with their officers, who spoke but little English; and quarters for new arrivals were so difficult to find that we were glad to be allowed a corner for our beds in the mess-room when our frugal meal was at an end.

Next day we were so busy arranging our baggage for the carriers, seven of whom were allotted to each of us instead of twelve, that time flew fast,



LEOPOLDVILLE.

and the following morning we started along the caravan road for Stanley Pool, distant about 230 miles. This rough track, which crosses a hilly district east of Matadi, is mere waste land, unbroken by any trees or signs of life. Nothing more dreary can be imagined than its bare rocks and stony slopes, and scanty blades of a coarse, ragged grass; nothing more cheerless than the dull monotony of the surrounding landscape.

At each stage small shelters have been built for the use of the State agents—poor huts of poles and grass, too roughly run up to be even weather-proof, and miserable makeshifts until the long-talked-of railway should be made.

Ten days' march brought us to Lukungu, a station midway between Matadi and the Pool, where we met Baron Dhanis and Doctor Hinde making for the coast, homeward bound with flying colours after their successful raid against Arab slave-dealers. On September 6th we reached Leopoldville, a station first planted by Mr. Stanley on a hill which overlooks the great sheet of water known by his name.

Waiting here for a steamer to take us on to the Upper Congo, we found ourselves among many white traders and members of the American and French Missions, the latter established with a large and well-built church. The native tribes in these parts include the Musserongés on the

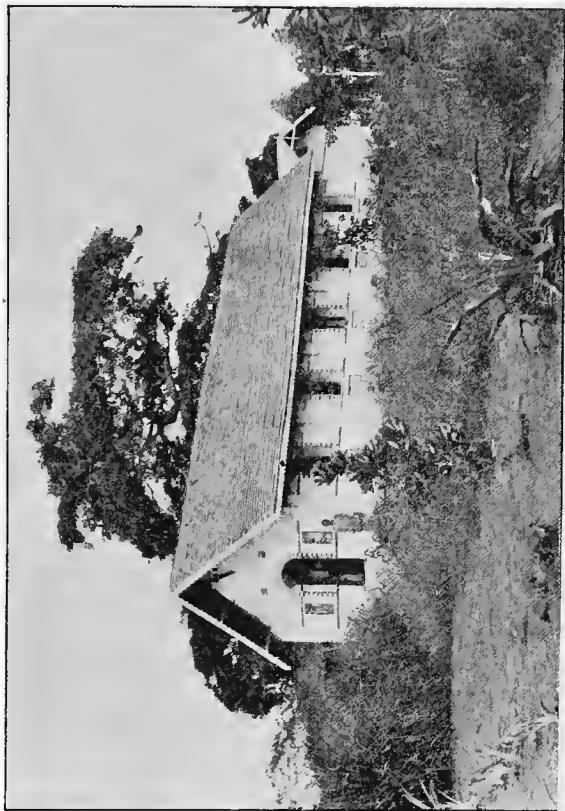
islands and river-side from Banana to Matadi; the Kakongos on the right bank, between the sea and Boma; the Baoilis along the coast, and the Mayombés inland.

Speaking generally the people of the Lower Congo are tall and well built, with supple limbs formed more for agility than strength, and oval heads and faces, quick with intelligent vivacity. Their women are larger and stronger than the men, and they all, in common with other races of the Congo, are remarkable for their small hands and feet, on which are bracelets and anklets of a size that no European could wear.

Tattooing is very general, covering but a small part of their brown bodies; and as a rule the hair is worn short. Families are distinguished by a singular method of filing the teeth to a point, or cutting them square, or in regular semicircles.

The Baoilis, a mixed tribe unfriendly to the whites, live upon oysters, and distil salt from sea water. The Mayombés, a wilder race, are handsome and robust. The Musserongés hold themselves aloof entirely from the rest, and are so independent that not even the most imminent peril will induce them to combine with their neighbours against a common enemy.

The food of these tribes on the coast is more varied than that of the natives in the interior of Africa. Their women do the cooking, grinding



AMERICAN MISSION SCHOOL, LEOPOLDVILLE.

and sifting the manioc, a flour which forms the groundwork of their diet, and busy with household duties, while their children play about the huts, and babies sleep peacefully, rocked on their mothers' hips. Over a fire of wood that burns between three large stones these native cooks prepare an excellent broth, a hotchpot of odds and ends stewed with capsicum in palm oil. This they eat out of wooden basins with wooden



POTTERY OF LOWER UBANGHI.

spoons and knives, drinking from earthenware or carved wood cups; and though tables are unknown to them they have excellent taste in the manufacture of porous vases and pottery.

In habits of personal cleanliness these African children of nature are a wholesome example to many in more civilised life. When they live near the river, or any water, they bathe several times a day, and in forests where this is impossible they smear their bodies with layers of oil and red powder, which they scrape off frequently. After each meal they rinse their mouths with water, and

rub their teeth with the forefinger or with a rude toothbrush of fibrous wood.

The most popular costume—scanty, but sufficient for the climate—consists of gaudy stuffs imported from Europe, which they drape in bold folds round their hips and loins. Large patterns and a change of fashion are a delight to them, while for choice of colours red, white, and black find special favour; yellow does not come amiss, blue is tolerated, but green is rejected utterly.

On great occasions their kings and princes array themselves in grotesque magnificence, discarding trousers altogether, but otherwise bedecked with bright remnants of European uniforms. Kings in full dress use skins of leopards or wild cats as aprons, and carry long canes tipped with an ivory or wooden fetish knob, and they and their subjects of all ranks and both sexes wear large earrings.

Most of these people believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who lives above the clouds, and does not trouble Himself about mortals whom He has created. More attention, however, is paid to their fetiches, or petty gods, who are thought to busy themselves with the affairs of men. These, especially the fetich of death, are addressed through priests, the ministers of fetich-worship, who consult the image, or fetich, in cases of crime or injury, in order to discover who is guilty of the deed.



MASK OF MEDICINE MAN.

Crowned with leaves, and decked with tinsel, carrying in his left hand a bag of eagles' beaks and jackals' claws, drunk with palm wine, the priest dances and yells, and ends presently by declaring the name of the offender. At other times he will pose as a physician, or medicine-man, and make himself a terror to the simple folk by his assumption of supernatural powers, which to their credulous minds cloak his cruelty and avarice.

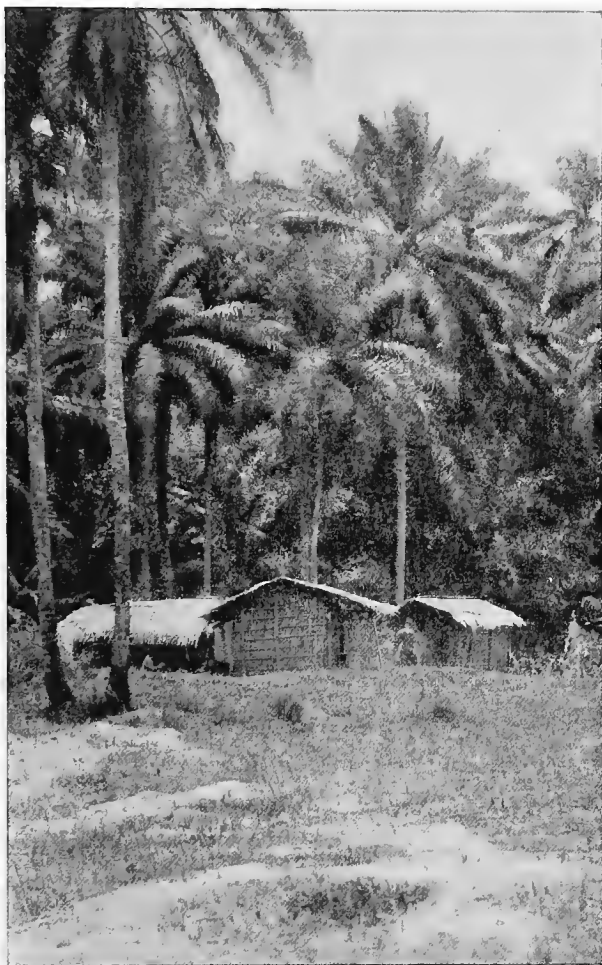
We shall form a general idea of the people of these parts if we picture to ourselves a village in the Babuendi district, with a cluster of perhaps three hundred huts perched on the hilltop, clear of any danger or surprise. These huts are rectangular, with overhanging gables and verandas, under which natives of both sexes may be seen smoking clay pipes with stems of wood or iron. If caravans are passing porters stop to refresh themselves. If it is meal time men and women are eating apart from one another. You may tell the married women by a covering worn upon their breasts, and natives of the north bank by their pretty headdresses of palm fibre. All the women, and some of the chief men, show an increasing taste for bracelets, anklets, and collars, and as they move to and fro in bright sunshine the scene is at once novel and picturesque.

Our voyage up the river was comparatively uneventful. We started at day-break, keeping close

to one side or the other, under thickly wooded banks. There is no life to be seen in this dense growth of trees, brush, and creepers except an occasional crocodile, lying like a log at the water's edge, or a solitary monkey, or a passing flight of screaming grey parrots. At about five o'clock the boats usually made fast for the night to the bank, while the whole of the crew and black passengers set to work cutting dry wood for the steamer's consumption next day. Passing the post of Berghe St. Marie, where stands the Roman Catholic Mission and colony for young children, and Tchumbiri, we reached Lukolela, the post founded by Glave in 1883. This station, situated in the midst of some magnificent giant trees, is well known to every white man in the State because of the excellent tobacco grown there, and the timber will be valuable when means are found of conveying it to the coast, and thence to the European market.

On September 14th we arrived at the Equator station, where we enjoyed the delicious luxuries of fresh bread and vegetables. Retracing our steps down the Congo, we ascended the Ubanghi, which was in full flood, swollen with rains, and flowing with so strong a current that we could not make much way against the stream.

On September 23rd we reached Songo, after passing through rapids which are only possible for



TYPE OF RECTANGULAR HUT.

small steamers. Starting forward again with only two other white men, I made my first acquaintance with "dug-out" canoes. There were five rapids to be tackled on the route, but by keeping close to the bank, and hauling ourselves along by means of projecting branches, we came through to Mokoangai without mishap. Here Captain Tison, the com-



THE "GOODWILL" STARTING FROM BOPOTO.

mandant, made us most welcome, and did all in his power for our comfort and amusement, so that, though sport was impossible owing to the marshy ground, the time passed pleasantly enough in his company, and with five other white men, two of whom were stationed there, and three waiting, as we were, for the steamer to take them on.

We left Mokoangai on the 8th of October in the small paddle-steamer *En Avant*, one of Stanley's original fleet, but owing to the head of water in the river we did not reach Banzyville until the



YOUNG GIRL, HIGHER UBANGHI.

16th. This station is built at the very edge of a large rapid, and, with its excellent kitchen garden, is the work of Captain Hermans, an officer of the Grenadiers. The houses are well built of brick,

and the garden is stocked with an abundance of vegetables ; fish, too, caught by the natives in the rapids, are plentiful. An attack of fever kept me prisoner here for nearly a fortnight.

It was at this station that I witnessed an amusing incident, showing the faith of the native chiefs in the white man's power. The head-man of a neighbouring village came to complain to Captain Hermans that several of his men refused to obey his orders. He requested permission to bring in the culprits, that Captain Hermans might have a flogging administered to them. Naturally the captain was disinclined to interfere with the domestic policy of the native community, but as the chief insisted that he was himself powerless to inflict adequate punishment upon the offenders, permission was given to bring his men to the station.

No one thought for a moment that he would turn up again, but at two o'clock he reappeared with four men, who came quite willingly and without the least show of force. On being introduced to the commandant as the four culprits, they all smiled and grinned, as though they were enjoying their share in some great joke. They were asked if they had been brought there by their chief to receive punishment. "Oh yes, it was quite true," they said, "quite correct—that was precisely what they had come for." All the time they were

laughing and smiling in complete unconcern. The commandant, seeing they evidently did not understand the meaning of punishment, and after again appealing to the chief, sent for a corporal and told him to flog the four men.

Their idea of receiving punishment was peculiar.



NATIVE OF HIGHER UBANGHI.

The first man lay down on his stomach, the next man lay flat on top of him, surmounted by the other two. Perhaps they thought the top one could be thrashed for the whole party, or that it might make things easier for the corporal. When it was explained that each was to be beaten

separately there was a slight discussion as to who should receive first punishment. Having settled this delicate point among themselves, the three stood by to look on while their comrade submitted to his strokes. With the first blow the gentleman on the ground began to think things were not quite so funny. When his half-dozen had been administered he rose to his feet, turned round, and looked at his companions, the expression on his face a mixture of disgust and humour—disgust at the pain, humour in his pretence that the operation was not at all a painful one, so that he might enjoy its effect on his friends. As they went away at last the chief alone was laughing; the faces of the others were serious and composed.

The following fact illustrates the untruth of the stories of inhumanity with which the Congo officers are so often charged. While I was at the station some natives from the neighbourhood brought in a man whom they had caught. He was from the interior, and would in the ordinary course of events have been killed and eaten by his captors, who had fastened him to a heavy block of wood, so that he could not escape. Without hesitation Hermans bought him for fifty pieces of iron, and after a short time set him free, and sent him home.

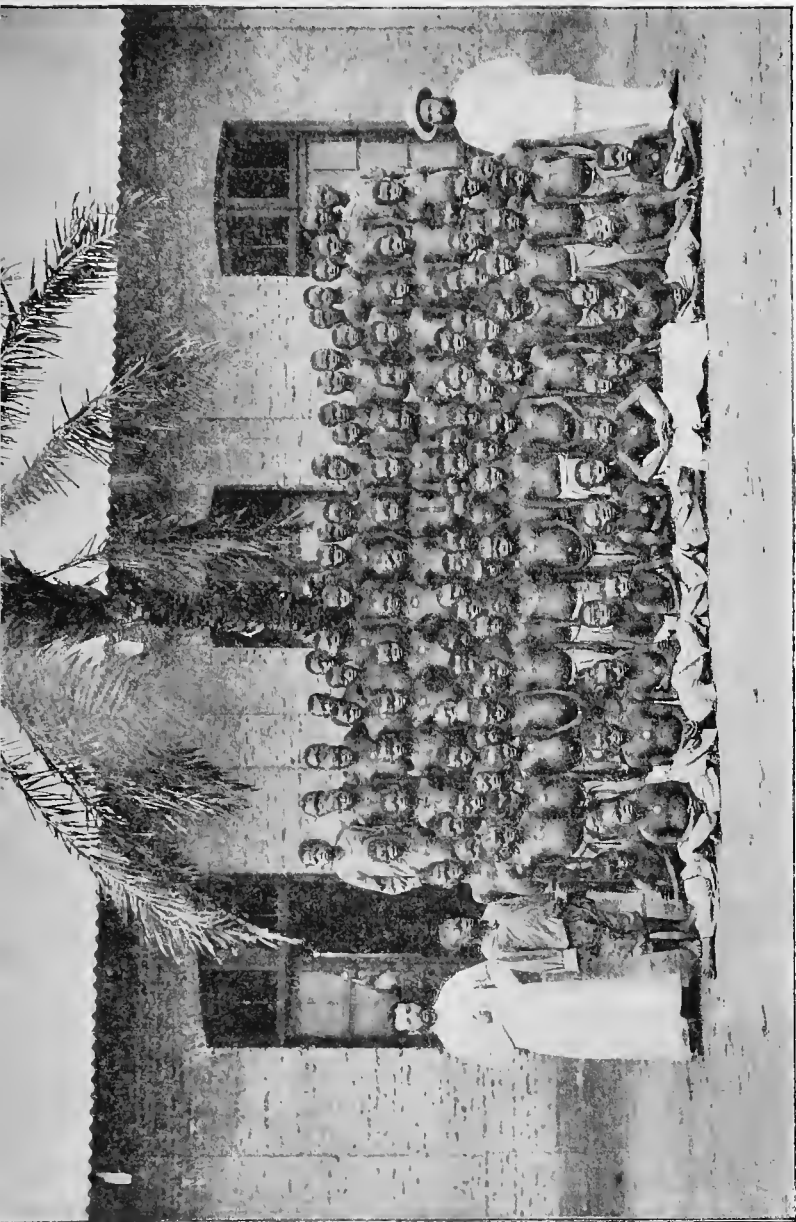
The French have also a station at Banzyville, standing on the high bank on the opposite side of

the river to that of the Congo State, which is at the water's edge.

Embarking from Banzyville in dug-outs, I arrived at Yakoma on the 2nd of November, the voyage being made without particular event, except for the diversion of passing occasional rapids. We found that the station on the right bank, which had been given over to the French, was completely submerged, and that the State station was in course of construction on the left bank; but, as there was no house finished, only a few huts were available for our accommodation.

At Yakoma I found M. Georges le Marinel, captain of Engineers, and Inspector of State for the Ubanghi district, the officer who conducted negotiations with the French diplomatists with reference to the relative boundaries, and owing to whose courtesy, tact, and diplomacy, friction between France and Belgium was avoided. On the day that I arrived a French officer from the other bank had sent over a dozen bottles of wine as a present—a very welcome addition to our supplies.

Leaving Yakoma on the 9th of November, my troubles began. Hitherto everything had gone smoothly and without a check. I was accompanied by Lieutenant Devenyns of the twelfth line regiment, and fifty men. We were given two Nordenfeldt seven-pounders with all accessories, and some fifty cases of shot and shell. These, with our own



CONGO MISSION SCHOOL.

baggage, more than filled the five large canoes which had been placed at our disposal. For the first two days the voyage was easy enough, hindered by no broken water or very rapid currents; but difficulties and dangers were soon to overtake us.

It was on this journey that I first saw the ceremony of blood-brotherhood. A little chief insisted on becoming my blood-brother, and, anxious to see how it was done, I consented. The rite was carried out in the following manner: in the open air, and in the presence of all the assembled chiefs and people, I was seated opposite to my prospective brother. A small incision was made in each of our forearms, half-way between the hand and elbow, from which a little blood oozed. The proper performance would have been for each of us to lick the blood of the other, but on this occasion we decided to dispense with that part of the rite, merely rubbing the cuts one against the other, and thus commingling our blood. When this was done the representative of my "brother" got up and began to beat two pieces of metal together—a knife and a gun-barrel, I think they happened to be—keeping up a monotonous tink, tink, tink, and talking to me as he did so. He recited a sort of commination service, somewhat to the following effect: "If you ever make war on me, if you ever steal from me, if you ever wound me, &c., &c.,

may you die!" This is a good opportunity for him in case he may want to get anything from you, so his incantation often contains such threats as, "If you do not give me plenty of guns, may you die!" After this, a similar performance was gone through by my representative, whose business it was to nullify my new brother's subtle demands. Finally the compact was sealed by an exchange of small presents.

This custom is not by any means a local one, but is found among nearly all the tribes that inhabit the districts of Central Africa. Stanley submitted to the operation often enough to have reason to complain that his arm became quite sore from the effects of these frequent incisions.



WOODEN SPOONS FROM THE EQUATOR.



J. MALHAUX SC.

IN THE RAPIDS.

CHAPTER II

A tornado—Extra paddlemen wanted—Lieutenant Devenyns obliged to proceed by land—Strike of canoe-men—The rapids—A canoe sinks—Desertion of the paddlemen—We surprise a village—A press-gang—Interpretation under difficulties—A portage—Dahia breaks his promise—I camp on an island—Canoe-men anxious to work—Konirah—I learn my destination—Djabbir—M'Bina—The ransom of a condemned wizard—Arrival at N'Yangara.

ON the 11th of November, on our way to Djabbir, on the Wellé, we were caught in a tornado, and were obliged to stop at the nearest village to avoid being swamped. The first sign of its approach was a strong breeze, accompanied by a rushing sound like nothing else in nature, caused by distant rain falling on the leaves of forest trees. We heard this long before it reached us. At first a mere rustle, it increased gradually in volume of sound, till the heavy rainfall was upon us with a roar that was almost deafening. A wild wind succeeded the breeze,

and the river, placid a few moments before, began to run in high waves. Lightning followed, with heavy thunder, louder than any Indian thunderstorms of my experience.

The village in which we had taken refuge consisted of a few wretched mud huts, through the thatch of which the rain dropped incessantly as through a sieve. Making the best of a bad case, we tried to settle down as comfortably as circumstances would allow, tormented by mosquitos, the dripping of the rain, and smoke from the greenwood fire.

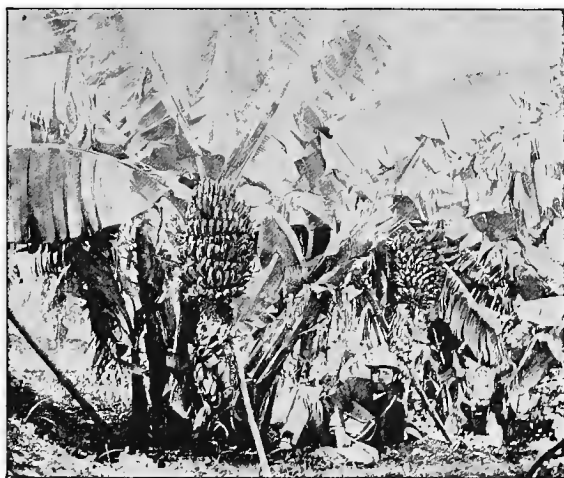
The storm cleared off, and early next morning we started in fine weather, arriving at the village of M'pota. Here we found that several extra paddlemen would be necessary to enable us to overcome the difficulties of the rapids higher up, and as it was no easy matter to secure fresh canoe-men, I sent Lieutenant Devenyns with forty men by land to Djabbir, keeping with me four soldiers as interpreters (the reason why *four* interpreters were needed will be seen later on) and six soldiers who were on the sick-list.

Our troubles now began in real bitter earnest. Having got together, with the aid of the chief, some seventy men to work the four big canoes, I started, laden with my own baggage and the lieutenant's, the two Nordenfeldt guns, and ammunition in about fifty cases. At four o'clock



LULUABOURG.

we reached the first rapids, where the canoe-men insisted upon camping for the night, and next morning they one and all refused to start unless they received a present of beads. As this was quite contrary to their agreement, and as I only possessed about two pounds weight of beads, I objected, and after much talk through the medium



BANANAS.

of my interpreters persuaded the grumblers to move on.

Leaving at 7.30 a.m., we passed the first rapid by eleven o'clock. The canoe-men now demanded food, stating that they had no means of buying any. Stopping at an island village on the river, I bought sufficient bananas for every one, but here

again they were dissatisfied—they did not want bananas; they wanted beads. Seeing that the whole thing was simply a device to shirk further work, I divided the bananas among the four canoes and placed one soldier in each boat, and by dint of threats we started again to navigate the second rapids. Three of the canoes passed safely through, but the fourth sank, so we were obliged to return, and with great difficulty managed to refloat it, ultimately recovering most of its contents. I camped for the night on a small island in mid-stream, so that none of the crew should have an opportunity to bolt, but during the night they found other canoes hidden on the banks, and in the morning I awoke to find myself, my ten soldiers, and four heavily laden canoes without a single paddleman. Happily we found a small village at the upper end of the island, where we succeeded in obtaining a few men.

My difficulties were increased by my ignorance of the native languages, and I now found the value of the *four* interpreters, two of whom were Houssas, one a Mobanghi, and the fourth a Sierra Leone. Now to get at the natives I had to tell the Sierra Leone what I wanted in pidgin-English, and to make him understand it; he then translated my meaning into some West Coast dialect to one of the Houssas, who put it to the other in his tongue; this one, in turn, rendered what he

heard into Bangala—not of the very best—to the Mobanghi, who finally told it in Zande to the chief. The possibilities of misconception under this process are obvious, and I am perfectly certain that my questions very often reached headquarters in



MOBANGHI NATIVE.

a form quite other than that in which they had been put.

On the third day, lightening one of the big canoes, I sent it up the river to the village of Dahia, a brother of the Sultan of Djabbir, to bring back a few more paddlemen, so that I might move on with the three remaining vessels. I was

obliged to wait a day before they returned with some forty or fifty men, when we started again, and arrived at 1 p.m. just below the rapids, near to where Dahia's village was situated. Here the natives absolutely refused to take the boats over the rapids, declaring that they were far too dangerous. I was obliged to unload all the canoes, and leaving a soldier in charge of the baggage I started for Dahia's village, which was about two miles off, and was fortunate in finding that M. Devenyns had been waiting my arrival for two days. At last I thought my troubles were at an end. Dahia arrived, promising as many canoes and men as I chose to ask for, and bringing plenty of food. He provided also men enough to carry the whole of the guns and other things unloaded from the boats below the rapids into the village where we encamped, and I, relying upon the word of Dahia, awaited the arrival of my canoes and men.

In about an hour's time one small canoe arrived, propelled by two men, who promptly disappeared after tying it up to the bank, but in less than a quarter of an hour it had sunk, having sprung a leak. The whole day was spent in negotiations with Dahia for more canoes and men. Finally I managed to get one fair-sized boat and eight men, with no hope of any further help. I was compelled to send one canoe on in advance, with



THE SULTAN DJABBIR.

orders to leave its load at the next post, with a soldier in charge, and to return myself with boat and men to take along a further portion of the baggage. By this means I advanced in four days a distance that under favourable circumstances might easily be covered in one.



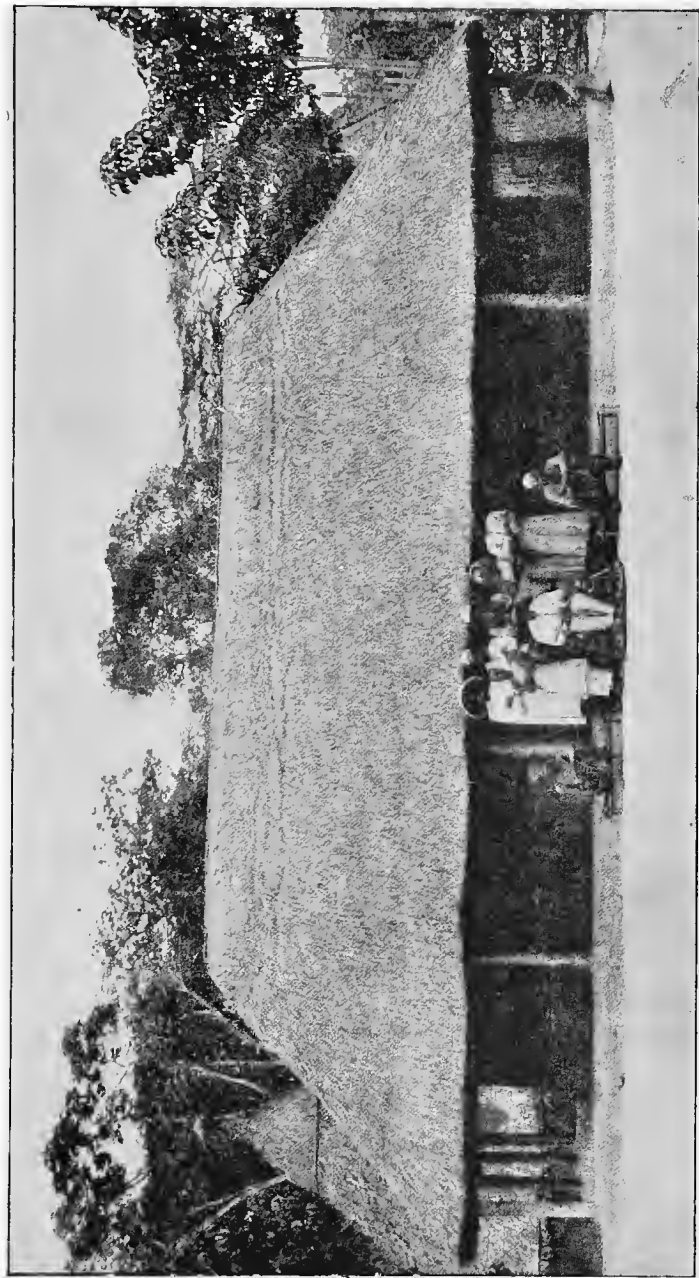
CONGO CANOE.

On the fourth day I embarked with the balance of the baggage and loads, but did not reach the next post of Bussendi until nine o'clock at night, having been wet through since three o'clock in the afternoon. Here there was nothing left to me but to have recourse to the same tactics, if we

were to reach the succeeding post. Late on this day when I left with the last load, after paddling for hours against a powerful current, I asked how far we had still to pull, and was met at every inquiry by the reply, "only a short way."

We continued thus until eight o'clock at night, when the canoe-men politely informed me that they did not think they could reach the post that night. They suggested that they should go ashore and sleep, leaving me and my two soldiers in the canoe. Here was an *impasse* indeed; it required some nerve to storm the dangerous position, and I faced it firmly, knowing well that I should never see them again if they once got ashore. It was pitch dark, and I had no idea where I was, so, seeing that they intended to do no more work, I was compelled to tie up to a clump of trees on a submerged island, having at least the satisfaction of knowing that my men could not quit the boat, and that they would be extremely uncomfortable during the chilly night. Supperless and cold, we waited for the first glimpse of dawn, when I found them anxious enough to push on, as they were cold and hungry.

Continuing our course up the river, we soon arrived at Konirah. Here fortunately I found one of Djabbir's corporals, who was willing and able to do all that I required. Being an Azandé he rapidly found means of supplying seven canoes, and eighty



SULTAN DJABBIR AND FAMILY.

men to work them. From this point I had no difficulty, the corporal, who accompanied us to Djabbir, using his stick freely on the slightest sign of laziness or disaffection on the part of the paddlemen. We arrived at Djabbir on the 26th at eleven o'clock, having taken twenty-three days to accomplish what is really a nine days' journey, and found M. Devenyns there waiting for me.

Owing to arrangements that had been made in the meantime between France and the Congo State, my destination was here changed from Semio to N'Yangara, an alteration which I found later there was no reason to regret, for my original goal was to have been the deserted, swamp-surrounded station of Meshr-el-Rek, whence probably I should never have returned alive.

On arriving at Djabbir I was agreeably surprised to find three Englishmen already comfortably installed—Dr. Small, whom I had left at Leopoldville, Captain Salusbury, and the ill-fated Sergeant Grahame. For the first time since my arrival in the country I met a really important chief. On entering the mess-room I was formally introduced to a quiet, shrewd-looking native gentlemen in the uniform of a captain of the *Force Publique*. This was Djabbir, the chief of the Abandjia branch of the great Azandé tribe, who, I found, frequently came to take his midday meal with the officers of the station, and appeared quite at ease in European

surroundings, both at table and elsewhere. He has always proved himself a staunch friend to the white man, being far-sighted enough to foresee his eventual domination in Central Africa.

At Djabbir I found State Inspector Paul le Marinel, with seven other Europeans, all bound up the river. After a week occupied in drilling our men I moved on with Lieutenant Kops and a hundred men, this time overland, making for N'Yangara. Marching along the northern bank of the Wellé through forest and occasional open plains, we arrived on the 26th of December at the post of M'Bima. Here we crossed to the southern side, and after a stay of two days we followed along this bank as far as the native post of Ciassi. At a small Azandé settlement on the road some of my men came to tell me that the chief of the village was going to kill one of his men for witchcraft. The unfortunate fellow, a small and ugly specimen of his race, had, it appears, been guilty of an amiable indiscretion with one of the chief's wives. After some conversation with the chief I ransomed the prisoner at the price of two yards of white cloth, on the condition that I might take him away with me. Needless to say this victim of circumstances was only too glad to fall in with my terms; and he remained with me for some fifteen months in the capacity of a servant, eventually returning to his village at his own request.



FORT AT DJABBIR.

Crossing the river once more at Ciassi, we followed the northern bank as far as the post of Bomokandi, so called from its being the point of junction of the Bomokandi and Wellé rivers. After one day's march further we again crossed the river for the last time to the south side, reaching the post of Amadis on the 19th of January, and taking again to canoes arrived at N'Yangara on the 26th of the month. During the whole of this march from Djabbir to Amadas, about 250 miles, I saw not a single elephant, although nearly every morning, when starting, we came across innumerable traces of them.



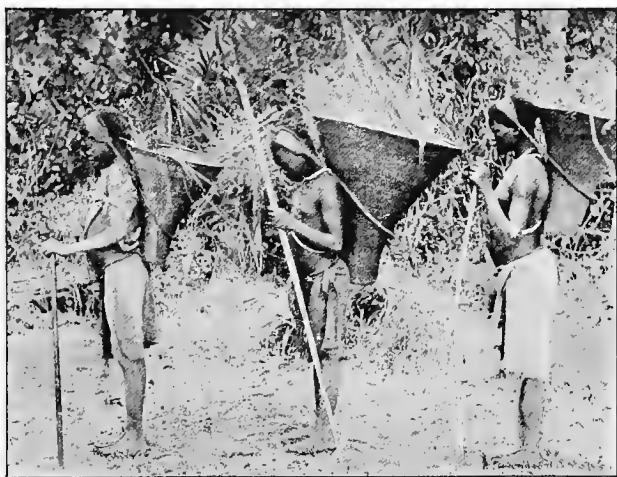
WOMAN CARRYING MANIOC.

CHAPTER III

A punitive expedition—A deserted country—The column surprised — The Azandé charge — Rout of the Sierra Leone—We fall back to Dongu—I am sent to establish a new post—I am given charge of the district of the Upper Wellé—Its aspect—Altitude—Navigation—Climate—Native names for the months—Tribal divisions—The Azandé—Their origin a mystery — Their country — Hunters—Pottery—Status of the women among them—War-dress of the chiefs—Morality—The warriors—Their weapons—Beer—Their methods of execution—Superstition—Not nomadic, but absorbing—Their village—Type of face—Possible Semitic origin—The chiefs—Crafts, military science, primitive jurisprudence and trial by ordeal—The oracle of Beñge.

AT N'Yangara I found the commissioner of the district making his final preparations before marching against the Azandé chiefs in the north. On the 2nd of February a column of 670 rifles, officered by ten white men, the whole under command of the commissioner, set out from N'Yangara in a north-easterly direction.

After nine days' march through a country practically uninhabited—for it had been entirely deserted by the people—on the morning of the 11th of February our three columns were suddenly confronted by the Azandé, and a square, rapidly formed, was attacked on both flanks, while against its front face three lines of yelling spearmen

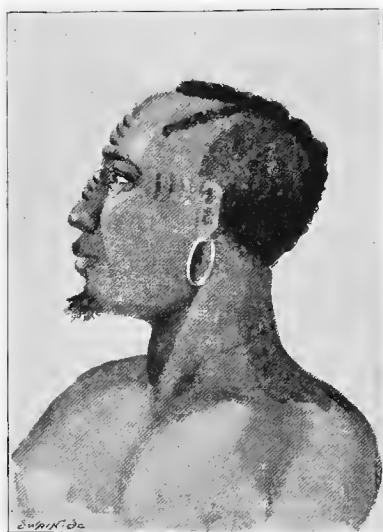


WOMEN CARRYING RICE AFTER THE HARVEST.

charged across the open ground. The Sierra Leone companies broke and fled, and the Azandé rushed through the square, inflicting a loss of some sixty killed, including one white man, and wounding about the same number.

The fugitives had fortunately been stopped by the company of Mobanghi soldiers at the rear face

of the square, who thus averted complete and absolute disaster. As it was impossible to carry out our original plan, owing to the dejected and disorganised state of the three Sierra Leone companies, and the heavy loss sustained by the Houssa company of thirty-six killed and more than that



MOBANGHI NATIVE.

number wounded, out of a total of a 103, the expedition fell back to the fortified station at Dongu, situated at the junction of the Dongu and Kibali rivers, where we arrived on the 24th of February.

On the 28th, with two hundred men and Lieut. Niclot, I was sent to establish a new post in the territory of the Abangba chief Kabasidu, six

hours south-west of the Dongu, the main object to be gained being to supply the garrison at that place, amounting in all to some 1,200 souls, with food and grain collected from the Mangbettou country. This post was eventually handed over by me, at the latter end of August, to Lieut. Swinhufvud, a Swedish officer in the service of the State, when I was called upon to take command of the Makua district, consisting of the posts N'Yan-gara, Surnanga, Amadis on the Wellé, Pokko on the Bomokandi river, and the whole country south to the Rubi and the Nepoko rivers. Over this tract I constantly journeyed throughout its length and breadth, visiting every chief of importance, and securing his adhesion to the Government of the State. Thus I had ample opportunity to study the habits, customs, and rites of these peoples, the Mangbettou, and their kindred tribes.

The district with which I am chiefly concerned is that of the Upper Wellé, which extends from twenty-three degrees in the west, runs eastward to the Nile at the most northerly point of the Congo Free State, and has for its northern boundary the M'Bomu, stretching five degrees north. The southern boundary, which cannot be accurately defined, is the watershed between the Aruwimi and the Wellé.

The country is irrigated by the River Wellé, together with the tributaries Bomokandi, M'Bima,

Werré, and some lesser affluents. To the north of the Wellé, in its western portion, the land is covered to a great extent with thick forest; the central and easterly parts consist of large open grass plains, varied by undulating, rocky ground, sparsely covered with scrub bush. South of the river the country presents an entirely different



WITCH PROCESSION: GIRLS DECORATED WITH BEADS.

aspect, being dotted over with numerous villages, which are surrounded by large and thriving plantations of maize, banana, cassava, millet, sesame, and maroo. On the northern bank the land is almost worthless, but below this, where the agricultural tribes are settled, the country is much richer and better, and soil is in the highest degree fitted for agriculture. So fertile is the land, and

in such abundance does it yield food, that the natives need work but two months in every twelve. There is no "agricultural depression" here.

As no free salt is to be found in these regions, this most necessary condiment has to be produced artificially, and is extracted by all the tribes in this neighbourhood from papyrus plants.

The altitude of the district of the Upper Wellé, at twenty-eight and a half degrees east and three and a half degrees north, is 2,500 feet above the sea, descending in its western portion at twenty-four degrees east and four degrees north, to 1,400 feet. The river is navigable almost throughout its entire course. There are a few rapids, where portage of goods is necessary, but the boats themselves can travel the whole distance without difficulty. The rainy season begins about the middle of July and lasts till about the middle of December. It does not rain continuously for two or three days together, but generally in the afternoons and at night. The shorter rainy season is from about the 15th of February to the 15th of March. During the other months of the year, though the climate is warm, the temperature rarely exceeds 92 degrees Fahrenheit. The nights are always cool and fresh, accompanied by heavy dews, but there is much malaria in the country, owing to the large quantity of water and marshy tracts.

By some of the tribesmen names are given to the months in keeping with what is done in them. Thus one is named as that in which they sow maroo, the chief ingredient used in brewing native beer; another as the season when maroo must be cut. Following this comes the "bad-water" month, when the risk of fever is greatest; then elephant month, when they catch elephants by



AZANDÉ FETICHES.

burning the grass; and the white-ant month, during which white ants are collected, and considered a great delicacy; and a second maroo month, when a second crop is sown. The month next to this has no distinctive name, and is succeeded by the second maroo harvest month; the hungry, or water-month, when provisions are scarce; the second ant-gathering month; a later sowing month; and, finally, another with no

particular title. This very simple method is a decided improvement on the scheme set forth in exquisite elegiacs by Ovid in his "Fasti." Nothing supernatural is suggested, no names of deities are introduced, but each month is directly connected with some current and natural event.

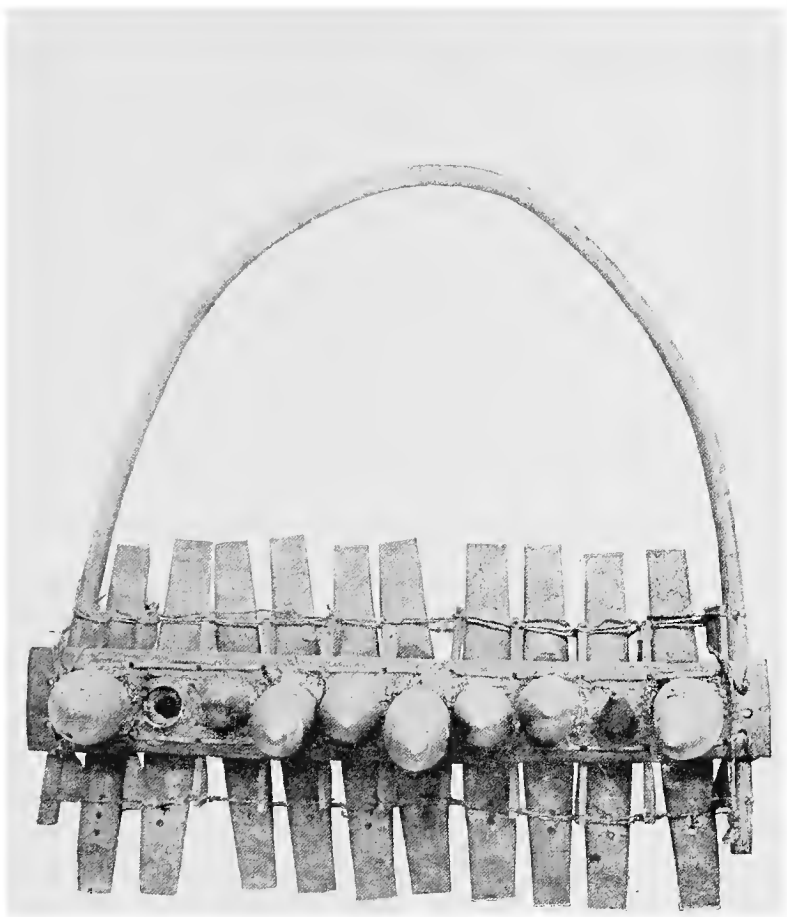


AZANDÉ NATIVE.

So far as I could gather by inquiry and observation, the characteristics of each tribe are constant and continuous. At their head in point of interest and superiority stand the Azandé, who, according to tradition, came down from the north. Being now settled north of the Wellé, they are gradually pushing their way southward to the

more fertile land across the river and toward the north bank of the Congo ; indeed, had not the white man been present to check their advance, it is reasonable to suppose that by this time they would have completely absorbed the various other tribes established south of the Wellé. They have no records of their origin, and possess no traditional history save a mere genealogy of the last seven generations of the ruling chief's family. In this respect they altogether differ from all Aryan nations, who invariably preserve traditions of race and origin.

The Azandé district stretches from twenty-three degrees to thirty degrees west, and from six degrees north to three degrees south ; its people are scattered over the whole country, and are subdivided into the Abandjia in the west, the Avongura in the centre, and the Makraka in the east. They are a fighting tribe, using military formations in war, and the rule of their chiefs is absolutely despotic. Mighty hunters too, most of their time is spent during peace in pursuit of the elephant and antelope, which abound in the bush and plains of their land. As a rule the women do all housework and cultivate the fields, as in other tribes, but have no influence in political or outside matters, as have the Mangbettou women. The whole race are confirmed cannibals, although the



AZANDÉ KENIBA.

Azandé south of the Wellé alone allow women and children to eat human flesh, and the men eat only those whom they have slain in battle.

The Azandé make fairly good pottery of different shapes, including the three-necked jar, similar to those of Italian workmanship.

They are very fond of their women, neither buying nor selling them. Coupled with this good quality comes their love of music, for these people are very musical, playing with great skill a kind of guitar and the Keniba, a sort of xylophone, made of pieces of wood that vary in length and shape, mounted on gourds of different sizes, and struck by hammers tipped with rubber.

The Azandé use tobacco, but more sparingly than other tribes. Their pipes are made of wood, with a bowl of clay. Corn and cassava are their principal food; potatoes too are planted, but are eaten only when they are pressed by hunger. They are extremely fond of the ground-nut, which they grow in large quantities. In hunting they use dogs to drive the game into nets prepared and spread. These dogs are of a special breed, something in the style of a boarhound, only upon a very reduced scale.

When Azandé chiefs go to war they dress themselves in the most ragged clothes they can find. Their old caps have holes in them, their shields are worn and battered, and their knives are

rusty and chipped. To look at them you would imagine them to be the poorest of the poor. At night they lie down among their followers without any covering, and will not even have a bed to rest upon, so that they may not be recognised by the enemy. Indeed, even among his own people in times of peace the big Azandé chief is, as a rule, quite quietly and simply dressed, much more so than the people around him, and he wears no ornaments.

A much higher standard of morality is found among these natives than in other tribes, and they show real affection and respect for women, who as a rule have their quarters in a separate village in the bush, some two hundred yards from the hut of the chief, where they are practically inaccessible to the white man.

One of their principal pleasures is to dance, moving round and round in a circle, shuffling their feet, and swaying their heads and hands in time to the beat of a war-drum.

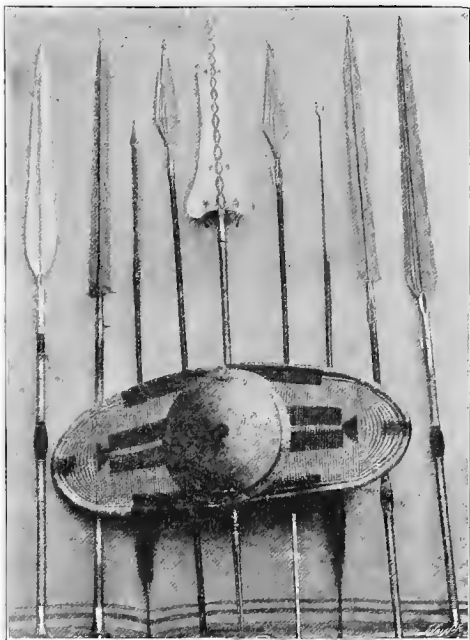
Very cunning as traders, they will haggle over a bargain for a long time, and when it is struck at last they will still hold out importunately for presents, without the smallest sense of shame.

The men are of medium height, well made, and darkish red in colour. They have no distinctive tattoo mark, except among the Western branch of the Azandé, who have adopted the lateral tattoo



NATIVE DANCE.

mark of the race they have conquered, the Mobanghi. The hair and beard are worn in long thin plaits, and over the head they very often throw a loose net made of string, which falls down on the nape of the neck. They dress in bark



AZANDÉ WEAPONS.

cloth, pressed and beaten out, like the Mang-bettou, and wear the same small circular cap of woven grass. They smear their bodies with oil and the powdered dust of the camwood-tree, and in war-time blacken their foreheads and file their

front teeth to points, as a distinguishing mark, probably another sign of Totemism, or a "throw-back" to primitive warfare.

The national Azandé weapons are the lance and shield, and among the Western Azandé the heavy broad-bladed stabbing lance, of which each warrior carries one. Among the Central and Eastern people the light-throwing spear is the usual weapon, of which each man carries four, five, or six. The Western folk carry a small shield of wicker-work with an iron boss and spike; those of the Centre and East carry a large oval shield of similar make.

It is odd to discover our national beverage—beer—in such parts, but we find these people making beer from maize. Bitter and thick, but very sustaining, it is brewed by fermenting the grain. The tribe likes it, and, in default of the products of Bass, Allsopp, and Pilsener, I am bound to say so did I, and so did my men, another proof of the oft-noted cosmopolitan character of beer. The Arabs have taught them how to weave a coarse, white cloth, which wears well.

The Azandé generally kill condemned criminals with the lance. I remember once an Azandé chief caught one of his wives attempting to run away with another man. They were both taken and brought back, and next morning, before an assembly of the people summoned to witness the ceremony they were tied to trees. The chief

himself, after haranguing the assembled multitude, at a distance of fifty yards from the prisoners, began to dance, stopping every now and then to throw a lance at either the woman or the man. This he continued to do, approaching nearer and nearer, until both culprits had been transfixed by two or three lances. A chief would not hesitate to mutilate his own son for such an outrage, inflicting the usual penalty by cutting off both hands at the wrists.

Not nomadic, but always pushing southward, and essentially a warlike race, the Azandé devote themselves in time of peace to hunting, taking little trouble about their dwellings or plantations. Their huts are usually circular in form, and often so low roofed that an upright position in them is impossible. These are not grouped together, as is customary with other tribes of this district, but the construction of their villages is quite unique. On a point in a winding path in the bush may be seen perhaps two or three huts close together; then, higher up, and most probably round a corner, or a bend in the path, two or three more. Higher up still will be found the headquarters of the chief, containing a few more huts, and beyond this still more are scattered at irregular intervals. These, on each side of the village, serve as outposts, to prevent a possibility of surprise by a hostile force. In this matter the primitive

instincts of defence and fortification are clearly indicated and enforced.

The type of face seen among the Azandé is not that of the negro at all. Even from a European point of view one may find men and women who would pass as very good-looking, for they are light

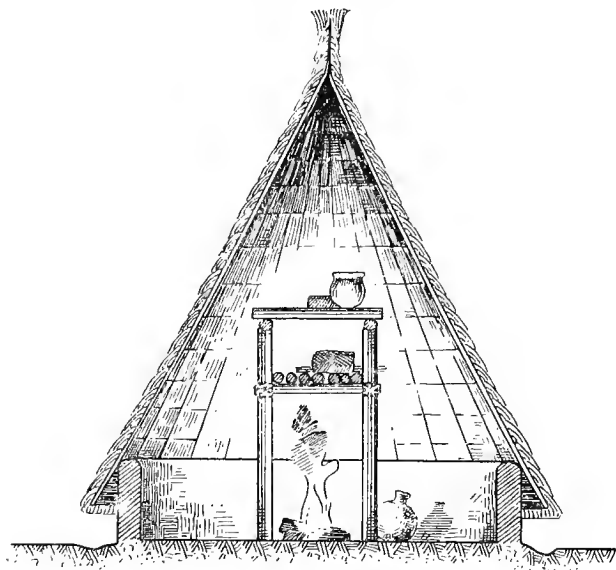


TYPE OF HUT.

brown in colour, with a clear skin, large eyes, and not very thick lips. The hair, which is curly but not woolly, is worn long by the women, who work it into shapes, more or less fantastic, on the top of the head. There is a touch of civilisation in this custom. Their mouth is totally unlike that of the

negro ; and some faces differ only in colour from that of the European Jew. The race as a whole is well knit, healthy, and extremely independent, regarding all other tribes as its inferiors.

Above all these people are extremely clannish. An Azandé is an Azandé wherever he goes, and no



SECTION OF HUT.

matter where he may turn up he is welcomed by his own tribe. His nationality franks him, as it were, and is a sort of masonic badge among his fellows.

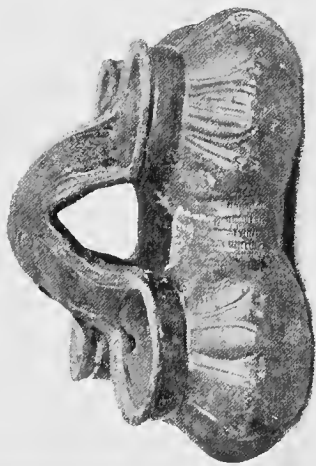
The chiefs of these people have much greater power than that usually given to Central African

rulers, who are, as a rule, the mere figure-heads of their tribes. An Azandé chief is an important person, both in peace and in war. His rule is absolute, life and death are in his hands, and he never neglects the exercise of these prerogatives. He and his followers are a shy, suspicious race, and although you may send word to an Azandé



DENDI WOMAN, HIGHER UBANGHI.

potentate of an intended visit, you will never find him at home. As you enter his village you will probably be met by one of his sons, but although there will be more than enough food provided for yourself and your men, you will invariably find the settlement deserted. When you ask for the chief you are told that he is about a day's journey off, and will not be at home until the following day.



POTTERY OF ARUWIMI.

While you are waiting for him his messengers will continue to arrive about once in every two hours to tell you that their chief will be back to-morrow, though in reality he is some two hundred yards away with his wives in the women's village all the time.

We have seen that, as a rule, the men do no work, all manual labour being left to the women. The exception is the armourer or blacksmith, whose occupation is hereditary, who is generally attached to some chief, and who makes arms, lances, and shields for the whole tribe. These weapons, as a rule, do not belong to those who carry them, but are given out for the time by the chief whose property they are.

The warriors possess considerable knowledge of military tactics, and when fighting charge either in column or in crescent form, as do the Zulus. Their courage and pluck are admirable ; their contempt for death is supreme. They will stand a fire that is dropping them by dozens, charging time after time until absolutely compelled to retire. Coming upon seven or eight men armed with rifles, they will throw away their own arms and rush their opponents, though they may lose twenty or thirty men in the attempt, knowing that ultimately the rifles will be theirs.

A fixed method of trial among the Azandé is the ordeal by poison. The accused, brought before the

chief, is made to drink a cup of poison, a concoction the ingredients of which are kept secret, and he is considered not guilty if the poison fails to kill him, but it has nearly always a fatal effect. The man receives and drinks the poison ; he stands still for a minute in silence, all watching him. Then his hands begin to quiver, not from fear, but by reason of the poison's action, which contracts



NATIVE OF THE EQUATOR.

the muscles, and presently he becomes quite rigid and falls down dead without a sound. We may reasonably assume that a chief would not sanction so risky an ordeal except on those whom he intended to despatch.

Another interesting custom of this tribe is their method of forecasting events, known as the invocation of *Beñge*. Their faith in this peculiar system

of augury is implicit, and shows a belief in some supreme being. They consult it on every occasion of doubt; "*Beñge* cannot lie—I will consult *Beñge*," they say. Their mode of consulting this oracle is as follows: the chief, perhaps, desires to know if a certain road is safe for him to travel by on the morrow. Accordingly he selects two young fowls, and as "*Beñge*" can only be invoked in quietude, he repairs with two assistants into the bush, where a small clearing is made. Here they sit down; the assistants, opposite to one another, hold the fowls by the legs, and draw down the pinion feathers into the hand, so that the bird is unable to struggle. By means of a feather an equal quantity of the poison, a red composition, made by mixing water with the scraped bark of a certain root (*Strychnos ichaja*), is put into each chicken's throat. Then the man who is invoking the oracle makes an incantation somewhat to the following effect: "*Beñge*, tell me, tell me true! If this one die and this one live the road is safe." Then he talks to the fowls. "You die, and you live," he says. If the result is contrary to his desire he postpones his project or takes another path. The Azandé have no other creed or religion, but in *Beñge* they have absolute and unshaken faith.

Such is the Azandé in his native state. Brave, intrepid, and unflinching, yet shy and suspicious,

with a faith in augury almost amounting to fatalism, his qualities are of a higher order than those of the surrounding tribes, whom, in the natural order of the survival of the fittest, he was absorbing on his way southward when checked by the advent of the civilising white man.



DRUMS FROM THE EQUATOR.

CHAPTER IV

The Mang-bettou tribe—The conqueror and vanquished—Modern Mang-bettous—Villages—Good husbandmen—Skilful craftsmen—Aristocracy—Chieftain—Cannibals—The war-drum—The mapingo—The women—Giving paint—No divorce—Arms—Tobacco and pipes—Smoking customs—The beer—Drinking customs of the Mang-bettou—Harvest—Mang-bettou “gold cure”—No knowledge of tactics—Huts—Intermarriage—Head-dress of the men—The chief’s “ball”—Their religious superstitions—Spiritualists—Funeral customs—The attaro—Funeral customs of the chiefs—Morality non-existent—Nick-names—Mourning.

NEXT in importance to the Azandé comes the Mang-bettou, or what at present passes as the Mang-bettou tribe. Some fifteen years ago the original Mang-bettou were masters of the district south of the Wellé; but between the treachery of the Egyptian officers of Emin’s troops on the one hand, and the attacks of the Azandé on the other, coupled with the pressure of the Abangba tribe in the north-west, and of the Niapu from the south,

these Mang-bettou were dispersed, and their remnant was merged in other tribes. But their customs, their language, their fashions, and their arts remain among the present race of Mang-bettou, the conquerors thus assuming the habits and tongue of the vanquished, much as "captive Greece made captive her rude conqueror."



MANG-BETTOU NATIVE.

The villages of the Mang-bettou are in every respect superior to those of the Azandé, except from a tactical standpoint. In form they are sometimes rectangular, sometimes circular, occasionally some two hundred yards across; hut is built next to hut at fairly regular intervals, the

centre being kept quite clear, and swept twice a day by the women.

In these villages women live as well as men, and, unlike the Azandé, are visible to strangers; indeed, when a white man visits the chief, all the wives will come to look at him without any protest on the part of their lord and master. These Mang-bettou women are very good cultivators of



THROWING-KNIVES.

the extensive plantations that usually surround a native village. In working ivory and iron they are very skilful, the latter being wrought entirely with the hammer. They also make a curious kind of cloth, for which the bark of a certain fig-tree is beaten out with ivory mallets on a smooth wooden block; it is then buried in mud on the bank of a stream, and when taken up again and cleansed

is ready for use. The Mang-bettou wear it between the legs, and fastened round the waist with a rope of grass or a belt of antelope or zebra hide. When the cloth is new it is so stiff as to make walking difficult, but after a little use it becomes soft and pliable.

Unlike other races of the Wellé, the Mang-bettou have an aristocracy—freed men who do not engage in manual labour of any kind. Not that those below them are slaves; they are equally free, but have not the same hereditary rank as the so-called freemen, who are usually relations of the chief, or connected in some way with him. If you want porters, and apply to a chief for them, he may have sixty or seventy men around him not one of whom he can lend. “They do not work,” he says, implying that as free-born they would not thus demean themselves.

The office of chieftain is not always hereditary. Generally, it is true, the eldest son follows his father, or the chief may have named as his successor one of his sons renowned among the tribe as a big fighting-man. But this by no means ensures his acceptance by the rest, who meet in council, and whose decision is final. This race is far more under the rule of the white man than the Azandé, and lacks their independence and courage, though it excels in hospitality.

An exceedingly abstemious community in



INTERMENT OF A CHIEF.

general, occasionally their big chiefs give way to drink ; and, although the presence of the white man has tended to check the practice among them, they are still cannibals, and will eat human flesh if they can get it without his knowledge. If we could only check intemperance as easily as we do cannibalism we might raise these brave fellows to a higher level. Like the Azandé, they have no distinguishing tattoo mark.

The Mang-bettou are not a musical race, their only instruments being the big war-drum and the tusk trumpet. The war-drum answers the purpose of a national telegraph, and one of these instruments may be found in almost every village. It consists of a piece of wood about four feet long, cut from the stem of a tree, and hollowed out from a long narrow hole in the top. It stands on four legs, and has usually a figure-head of some animal carved in wood. Beaten with short sticks on each side of the opening, it gives out a resounding noise that will carry for miles. This drumming is taken up from village to village. Various codes of signals are understood, and are thus the means of transmitting messages, both for purposes of peace and for alarm of war.

Their trumpets are made of ivory, and are very difficult to blow, being simply tusks with a hole at the thin end. These are used for signalling in battle, to indicate positions, to notify danger in

certain quarters, or to sound a retreat. They fight by ambuscade, have no knowledge of tactics such as are used by the Azandé, and never venture to charge their enemies at all.

Their method of forecasting the future is distinctive; it is performed by a professional, and is known as the *inapingo*. A banana is peeled and balanced horizontally on two upright pegs, not an easy feat considering the smoothness of its peeled stem. On this are placed thirty-nine heaps of short sticks, beautifully polished and oiled, each heap being composed of one stick resting upon two. The seer begins to walk round these, talking to them and clapping his hands, until one of them slips away; and it is on the movement of these little sticks that he will rely for an omen.

The clothing of a woman consists of a little square of cloth about two feet by eighteen inches, worn as an apron, and a tail made of cocoanut fibres. She carries a little stool wherever she goes, and generally enters a hut backwards. She wears both anklets and armlets, made of iron, brass, copper, or beads. Her hair is plaited into a sort of crown or halo, and it is a good morning's work to build up this structure in all its glory.

The great ladies wear the nails of the last three fingers of the left hand very long, to show that they do no manual labour—a custom which, curiously enough, is found at the present day

in South-western Europe and in China, due to a similar motive.

The whole of their body is usually covered with designs when they are in full dress. These are painted on with lampblack and gardenia juice in rings, hoops, spots, circles, and other patterns, according to taste and fashion. The paint lasts



A DANCING-WOMAN.

for three or four days, when they vary the design.

It is almost a crime for a woman who is married to give paint to a man. To give a man colour implies undue familiarity, and is certain to bring down the wrath of an offended husband upon the imprudent pair.

Morality amongst these women is at a very low ebb. The Mang-bettou families, except those of the chiefs, are not usually large. The death-rate among children is very high, as they are left to look after themselves at about two or three years of age.

These women are not good-looking as a rule, but are well built and strong; and, as they do all manual labour, as well as the house duties, a man buys his wife more for her physical strength than for her looks. Bought for hoes, spearheads, knives, and pieces of unwrought iron, they become the absolute property of their husbands and can be sold or given away at will.

There is no divorce among the Mang-bettou. A man simply takes another wife when he is tired of the first. They all live together and do not quarrel, the former wife being generally consoled by the fact that her eldest son, if she has one, will take precedence of her rival's children. The daughters of big chiefs can only marry chiefs; while unmarried they remain in the village and do just as they please until some suitor of the required rank turns up.

The arms of the Mang-bettou are the lance, or "throwing-spear," and a shield four feet high and twenty-five inches across, made out of one solid piece of uncaria-wood, slightly curved, and with square corners. The strip along the top is orna-

mented with wicker squares, alternately plain black, and white with black designs. This shield is held by a small grip, and in this is fastened a loop of fibrous tape into which spare spears are slung. In fighting the warrior is able to cover himself completely behind his shield. The tape



WAR MASKS AND THROWING-SPEARS.

forming the loop is made in endless rings worked on a circle of sticks.

The Mang-bettou do not file their teeth. This custom, so common in many savage tribes, obviously arose from a desire to produce fanged or

canine teeth, such as those of the wolf or fox, with which, when all weapons had been exhausted or none were at hand, they literally sprang at each other's throats, fighting "tooth and nail." With the introduction of iron-tipped weapons this primitive practice died out. In some tribes, as we have seen, it survives as a form of decoration or distinction.

There is a plantation of tobacco near every village, though the natives have no ideas of preparing it. They simply take out the centre stalk of the tobacco leaf, which is shredded and dried in the sun; this is sometimes mixed with red pepper, and is moulded by the aid of oil into the shape, and nearly to the hardness, of a brick. Their pipes are generally the centre fibres of banana leaves, through which they bore holes at the larger ends, into which they fit leaves curled up to take the place of bowls.

In smoking they only take two or three whiffs of the pipe, inhaling the smoke, and coughing violently always. When the chief sneezes it is customary for all those around him to pretend to sneeze also, just as we may say "God bless you!" or an Italian "Viva!" When a chief smokes the whole crowd standing round him clap their hands in unison until he has finished.

The chiefs and their intimate friends are the only people who really drink in the country. They



TOBACCO PLANTATION.

enjoy large bowls of beer, made from maroo, light brown in colour, and not unpleasant to the taste. The first sensation to the palate is one of sweetness, the after-taste rather bitter. This beverage can only be used when new, as in two or three days it becomes acid and undrinkable. Women always brew it, and pride themselves on the accomplishment. When a chief drinks strict ceremonial is observed, each having his own custom. One will have a drum beaten from the time he raises the bowl to his lips until he puts it down again; another will have a man behind him whose business it is to attract people's attention while his master drinks by uttering some cry, or noise, or shout; another will have bells rung; another used to have a forked stick placed on the back of his neck while he swallowed the beer. When a man makes up his mind for a first-class bout the racket is continuous and distracting while he is "making a night of it."

The women as a rule do not drink except at the maroo harvest festivals, when there is always a great function, and other head-men and relations are asked from the whole district round, with whom they drink and dance, and dance and drink, for forty-eight hours on end.

All the Mang-bettou chiefs, and people of the better class, carry a piece of kola nut, which they chew when they are beginning to feel tipsy, and

which they declare has the power of making them sober. This "kola cocktail" is their equivalent for the American "gold cure."

Freemen are armed with lance and shield, the lower classes with bow and arrow. They paint their faces in war-time white and black, a white line across the black face, drawn diagonally, or adopt some other pattern, such as a white eye—prototype of the White-eyed Kaffir of our music-halls—and cover their heads with grass and creepers. Altogether they make a terrific noise, but are not dangerous.

Their arrows, which they do not poison, are heavier and bigger than those of other tribes, but they are not good marksmen. They are not a fighting tribe; when a chief calls on his men to go with him to war they are all supposed to go under dread of severe punishment, but they cannot for a moment withstand the plucky onset of the Azandé.

Their huts, rectangular or circular, are far superior to those of any other tribes in the Wellé district as regards their size, height, and cleanliness. The round ones have walls of clay mixed with chopped grass, and conical roofs of grass-thatch. The rectangular are framed of sticks of the rafia palm, which is smoother than the bamboo, and has no knots, interwoven with the bark of trees. The thatched roof of these is covered with an enormous mat, tied down at the four corners, and



WRESTLING MATCH ON THE CONGO.

made of plaited cane. These houses are very neat, and as they have no chimneys, the smoke finds its way out through the roof. Their doors are only about three feet six to four feet in height, but this is higher than is usual with the neighbouring tribes. The entrance is closed by a sliding panel, made, as a rule, of one piece of wood. These huts are rain-proof, and the walls are decorated with geometrical patterns drawn in black, white, or red, the only three pigments for which they have names in their vocabulary.

The head-dress of the men is distinctive and curious. String is wound round the forehead behind the ears, and the hair is drawn back and tied into a sort of chignon on the top of the head. On this is fixed a round hat with square top, kept in position by an ivory hat-pin, and made of plaited grass woven into patterns. Chiefs and high people decorate their head-dress still further by the addition of bunches of red feathers from the tail of the grey parrot.

When the children of chiefs are young string is wound round their heads, which are gradually compressed into a shape that will allow of the longest head-dress. The skull thus treated in childhood takes the appearance of an elongated egg.

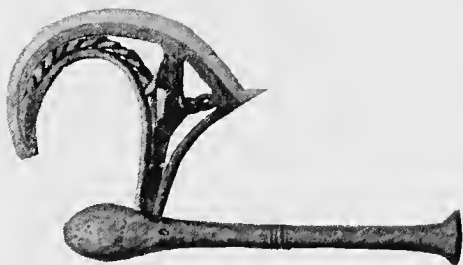
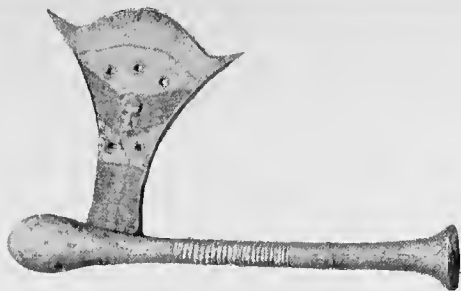
The Mang-bettou delight to exhibit their skill as dancers in honour of their guests. Invariably on your arrival at the village of a Mang-bettou chief

he will begin to make preparations for a big dance in the evening or the afternoon. In our language he "gives a ball," at which he is the sole performer.

Drums are beaten to warn the natives of the chief's household that he intends to dance, and at the appointed hour most of his wives assemble in a large open space set apart for this purpose, the head wife seated in the centre, and the others in order of precedence to right and left, thus forming an enormous semicircle. Each woman brings with her a round stool, about a foot high, cut out of a solid piece of wood, and on these they sit with their knees together and toes turned in. The orchestra is placed behind the head wife, in the centre of the semicircle, and is composed of drums, horns, and native bells, which are tied together on a stick and shaken till they sound "like sweet bells jangled out of tune."

The chief in the meantime has been putting on the ornaments and insignia due to the solemnity of the occasion, and during the wait a few picked warriors give a performance illustrating a fight.

The chief arrives. He has put on, besides his usual dress, a number of small skins attached to his belt in front and behind—not in a row, but three or four in a heap on top of one another, with the tails hanging loose. Similar skins adorn his



NATIVE AXES.
17

arms, and a large giraffe's tail is fixed behind, with bunches of parrots' red tail-feathers at its end. He wears an enormous head-dress, and round his ankles are rings with bells attached. As soon as he steps into the circle a great shout is raised by the women present. He selects his dance, and as the orchestra strikes up he prances round and about this large circle, now stooping on one side, now upon the other, until he is out of breath,



TYPES OF CHIEFS.

invariably ending opposite to his head wife, whom he salutes at the finish. He then refreshes himself by big draughts of beer, while fanned by two young women. When rested he begins a new dance, and very often between the figures he will make a speech. If he is tired his place is taken by one of his sons, and so the proceedings often last for five or six hours. The Mang-bettou women during the dances sway their heads and

wave their hands in perfect time, the chief wife leading them. They do not dance with the men, but have a dance of their own to close the ball.

The Mang-bettou believe vaguely in a supreme being, but they have no name for him. Their nearest name is Kilima. The thunder is Kilima speaking when he is angry. Thunderbolts are the stones he throws down. By a charming poetical fiction the rainbow is the actual embodiment of Kilima. If you ask them to describe him, they will tell you he is "a large animal with a curved red back." A shadow is Kilima; the reflection in water is Kilima; anything they do not understand is Kilima. Some of the tribes I met have neither religion nor superstition, nor do they practise any occult or fetich rites. Others, such as those now described, have a vivid belief in the unseen world, in a god, and in spirits of the departed, and so are higher in the scale of civilisation than their more agnostic neighbours.

If any head of a family dies he is buried in the centre of his hut, in a hole about six feet deep, in a sitting position, and is covered over with layers of earth and sticks, till the hole is filled right up, and the floor is beaten down again, so that it shows no sign of disturbance.

Outside the door they will build a little *attaro*, or hut. This is made with three sticks, painted



ABARAMBO WOMAN AND MAN.

black and white, with a conical thatch of grass. A similar hut is built right away in the bush. After the man is buried cooked food and oil are left at the *attaro* in the forest, so that the spirit of this dead man shall not return to his house, but shall find food at his other *attaro* should he want it. This custom is frequently found among North American Indians, and was also an Egyptian practice.

In proof that these people believe that the spirits of dead folk will return to their old habitations, and can communicate with the living, the following incident came under my personal notice :—

One evening I heard a tremendous noise outside my door. Running out to see what it was all about, I found a native woman in hysterics. She was lying on the ground, two women kneeling on each side of her, holding her down with grass mats, with the apparent intention of smothering the poor soul. I asked what they were doing. They told me that the spirit of her father had come back to call her, and that she must go to him. They really believed this, and were very much disgusted when I threw a bucket of cold water over her. In ten minutes she was asleep, and next morning was perfectly well.

They believe, too, in a god whom they call Ara, a name derived from Allah through the

Arabs. They say he will punish them for doing wrong. "Will he punish them for murder?" I once asked. "Oh no; it is Ara who makes a man murder." "Then how and for what will he punish man?" "He will punish a man for neglecting to make provision for himself and his family." "How?" "By making him suffer hunger." So it seemed that their god was simply Nature, and no more definite explanation could I get.

When a big chief dies a new hut is built away in the bush on the banks of a stream. A hole is dug in the centre, as described previously, into which he is placed, always in a sitting posture, and covered over with sticks and earth. Five women, selected from amongst his widows, are first strangled outside the hut, and then their dead bodies are laid on the surface of the ground, with the feet towards the central tomb. Then they all are covered over with several layers of bark cloth, on top of which are poured large chauldrons of palm oil. Another layer of cloth is added, and more oil poured over it, until the whole structure is about two feet high. After this it is absolute death for any native, except the ruling chief and one other man selected for the purpose, generally a brother, to be found even upon the road to the hut, which every week is visited by one of these two men.



NATIVES OF THE UPPER CONGO.

When the cloth and oil have rotted away new layers are spread there, till all signs except the bones are gone. The hut itself is never repaired, but is allowed to decay and fall to pieces until it eventually disappears.

The succeeding chief is very careful to supply every possible want of his predecessor. If he dreams during the night that the spirit of the departed has come to him and has told him to do this or that, a new chief will follow the advice thus given. If beer is wanted he will have two or three jars brewed next morning, which he takes himself to the tomb and breaks them there in front of the hut door. It is a favourite trick of a new chief to bid for popularity by working upon the people's feelings in this way, pretending to have been visited by the late chief, who has warned him that unless his followers behave better trouble will surely ensue.

Burials usually take place at night. On the death of a great chief everything belonging to him except the cloth, which is too valuable, is broken into small pieces and thrown away.

Being unable to pronounce the name of a white man, these folk have recourse to nicknames, which they derive from any personal peculiarity they may perceive, and at noticing which they are very keen. Once named, a man will go by his nickname among the people, his white name being disregarded.

Even other whites are bound to mention him solely by this. One was called a locust; another the bad-tempered man; another was the strong man, not because he was physically strong, but because he was firm, severe, and hard; another was called the "White Liar," from his habit of not fulfilling promises made to the natives; a great hunter was the ten-animals-man, another the mongoose. A man with a beard is the hairy man, and a short man is "Tikitik," the native word for dwarf.

The women, when they go into mourning, take off all their trinkets, bangles, armlets, and necklaces, and cut their long nails. They take their hair out of the shape of a crown, a task of half a day, and wear it simply unconfined, replacing their ornaments with bangles of wickerwork, and staining the upper part of their faces black, but they make no difference in their mode of living.

A widow, being a chattel of the late chief, becomes the property of his successor. The head wife retains much of her former authority, but remains with the other wives, and generally has a voice in the government. She does not paint her body at all during the time of mourning, as is customary with the great Mang-bettou ladies at other times.

The men for mourning blacken the whole of

their faces with soot, mixed with the juice of the gardenia, a stain which lasts three or four days, but make no difference in their usual ornaments.



WAR DRUM.

CHAPTER V

I visit the Mabodé country—Return to Pokko—Attacked by fever—The Megé—Their country and customs—The Niapu—A buffer state—No interest taken in the white man—The mule a fabulous animal—The “*lucundoo*”—Poison resorted to—The methods of working witchcraft—Cleanliness of the Megé—I interview a tribe previously unvisited by the white man—Good reception spoilt by an accident—I take the initiative—Rout of the Mabodé—I turn off eastward—Fresh attacks by the Mabodé—Cross the Nava—Attack and capture of the zareba—Nineteen men of my party are wounded—Relief by Lieutenant Laplume—The Mabodé villages—Cannibalism rampant among them—The underground rivers—Dances—The Momvus tribe—Their customs—Equality of the sexes—Return to N’Yangara.

IN March, 1895, I re-established an old post in the Mabodé country, ruled by the Mang-bettou chief M’Belia, which had been abandoned by the State, two days’ march north of the Nepoko. It was then I took the opportunity of pushing south to the banks of the Nepoko, the extreme point in that direction reached by Junker in his many wanderings in the region of the Wellé.



COFFEE PLANTATION, STANLEY FALLS.

Returning from the Nepoko to my headquarters at N'Yangara, after a short stay I went down the river to visit the posts of Suruanga, Amadis, and Pokko, a very paradise for the naturalist, situated just below the confluence of the Pokko and the Bomokandi at the foot of Mount Madjema, and a grand field for elephant-shooting.

Here on the 1st of July I was laid up with my first attack of bilious hematuric fever. In spite of the absence of a medical man, with the aid of Lieutenant Boone, commandant of the post, I managed to pull through, but owing to consequent weakness I was unable to leave till the beginning of August, when I returned to N'Yangara.

South of the Bomokandi dwell the Megé, a race closely allied to the Maigo, who dwell further south. They resemble in many points their neighbours the Mang-bettou, and, like other tribes, they have adopted the language and customs of their conquerors. They are skilled hunters, and, living as they do in a woodland country, use neither lance nor shield, confining themselves entirely to the use of the bow and arrow, with which they are extremely expert.

Their country is rich in foods of all kinds. The villages consist of loosely connected groups of huts, well concealed in the thick undergrowth. From time immemorial they have been at feud with their Azandé neighbours; but this warfare,

since the arrival of the white man on the scene, has been limited to small frontier raids and skirmishes, with the result that a broad belt of neutral ground has been created between the territories of the two tribes.

Knowing the natural fertility of the land, a small group of Niapu or Amadis promptly turned the mutual hostility of these two tribes to advantage by taking possession of the disputed strip. Here they have settled down, refusing allegiance to either



DISH FROM THE EQUATOR.

Azandé or Megé, and thus creating an almost model buffer state. Wild and lawless, this small band has become a power in itself, repulsing the encroachments of their neighbours, and sometimes more than holding their own against them.

It was while passing through these villages, on my return from the Mabodé country, that I first came across a people in whom the presence of a white man aroused no feelings of curiosity. I was riding a mule, and these people had never seen a

beast of the equine species, although they had heard that this (to them) fabulous animal existed in the white man's quarters, and that it was used for the purpose of carrying him from one place to another. The villages were deserted for the moment as I passed through with my people, but I heard afterwards that immediately after we had gone by the Niapu crowded back, and were busily occupied in examining the ground. My informant, a small Mang-bettou chief who had accompanied me on the journey, was a little in the rear, and came suddenly upon the villagers whilst they were thus employed.

Wondering what might be their object in thus scrutinising the ground, he asked them what they were looking for so busily, suggesting that they should accompany him to see the white man himself, who would most certainly give them cloth and beads and other trifles dear to the Niapu heart. But the proposition was received with scorn. "We don't want to see the white man," was the reply; "we want to see the 'spoor' of the white man's beast."

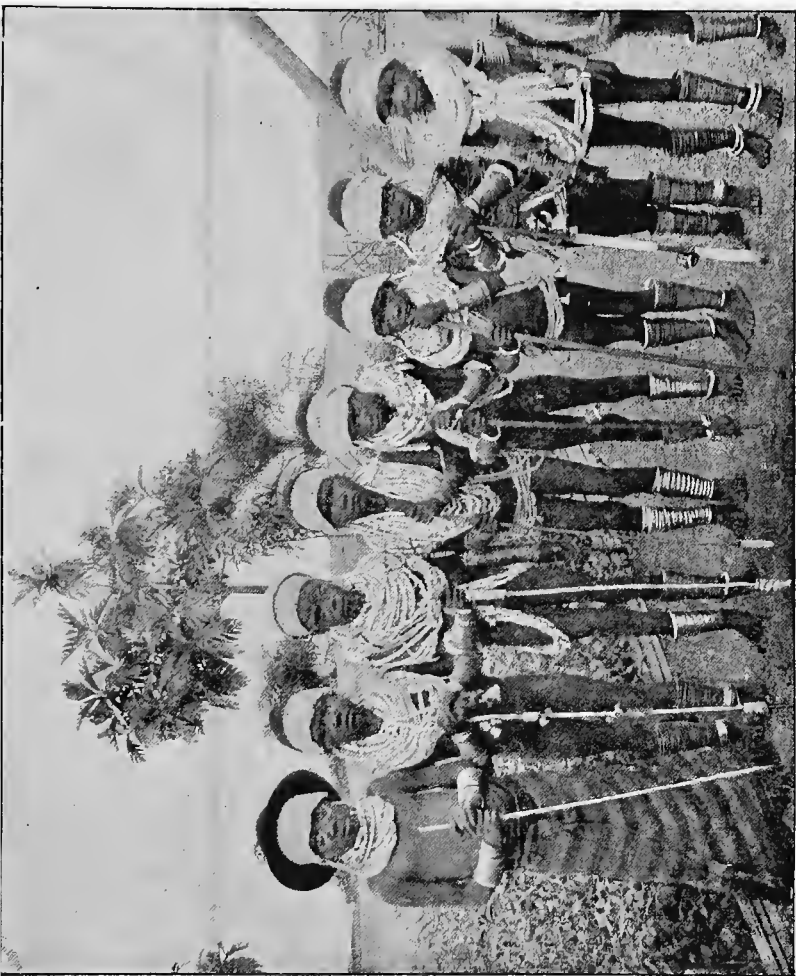
These people hold themselves entirely aloof from the surrounding tribes, preferring independence to the doubtful blessings of an acquaintance with the white man and his many wiles.

Amongst the Megé, Mang-bettou, and all neighbouring tribes witchcraft is implicitly believed in.

When a chief dies his death is immediately ascribed to "lucundoo," and suspicion usually points to his successor as its author. Poison is very frequently used by the sons of a chief to remove any possible competitor from their path who is likely to stand in the way of their succession to the throne. Sometimes also the ancient tragedy of David and Uriah the Hittite is played, but with a poisoned dinner in place of the "forefront of the battle."

"Lucundoo" can be made to work in various ways; one of the commonest in use is as follows: The person who wishes to do harm to his enemy goes in the dusk to the neighbourhood of his victim's village. The only appliance necessary to conjure up the dread powers of darkness is a simple whistle made of wood, hollowed out from one end, and blown as a schoolboy whistles with a key. Provided with this seemingly harmless weapon the sorcerer walks along each path leading into his victim's village, blowing lustily on his whistle as he goes. This done, his vengeance is complete, for it is only necessary to inform his enemy that he has made "lucundoo" round his village to keep him from using the bewitched paths. New roads must be made, and until this is done the victim of this magic rite will not dare to stir abroad.

In their personal habits these people are very



GROUP OF YOUNG GIRLS.

cleanly ; they wash two or three times a day, and when engaged in work constantly adjourn to a neighbouring stream to cleanse themselves. They wash their hands before and after meals, and invariably rinse out the mouth with water after having partaken of food. The meat may be either roasted or boiled, but I have noticed that the vegetables are always steamed.

In October I went south to the previously unvisited Mabodé tribes to see the underground streams called Obé, mentioned by Junker and Casati. At first we were well received by the chiefs and people, but an accident, through the inadvertence of a servant boy, turned their trust into suspicion, and I found myself enclosed on every side by the Megé, Maigo, and Mabodé tribes. I made useless attempts to conciliate their chiefs, who became the bolder after each attempt to pacify them, the more so as not long before they had defeated four hundred soldiers of the Arabs armed with guns and supported by their Azandé neighbours. Seeing our weakness—my force numbered about sixty-five men—they hoped to repeat their success.

Finding remonstrance useless, I gave the chief warning that unless he would come and meet me within a quarter of an hour, when we could explain matters, I should take my own course, and the consequences would be on his head. He did not

answer to the summons, and at the end of a quarter of an hour I moved out of the zareba to fight our way through the encircling hordes; but these crowds of gesticulating, noisy warriors, when they saw their leader fly were only too glad to follow his example.

The following day a neighbouring chief, Mas-



COUNCIL OF WAR, BOPOTO.

singkanda, a cousin of the man who had attacked me, came into the camp, offering any assistance in his power. In the meantime the hostile natives endeavoured to raise the tribes in my rear, inciting them to cut the road to the Bomokandi, so as to prevent my return to the banks of the Wellé.

Unwilling to come to blows with the tribes

through whose country I had already passed, I pushed on eastward to visit the Obé, attacked on my way by the Mabodé. I was obliged in self-defence to capture the stockade of their most important village, held by their chief, N'Dabone, situated on a hill some three hundred feet high. Starting at half-past ten in the evening, I marched through the night, crossing the swollen Nava, here about one hundred yards broad, and at seven in the morning I found myself about a mile from the hill upon which this stockade and village stood.

My force consisted of sixty men, the others having been left behind with the women and baggage. Dividing these into two parties, I attacked the Mabodé in the zareba from two points. In twenty minutes after our arrival at the stockade we were inside, the enemy disappearing instantly on our entrance. We had one man killed and nine wounded with poisoned arrows.

Having destroyed the stockade, I returned to my old camping-ground, where I was detained by the wounded for several days. Meantime the natives, whose loss had been slight on the taking of their village, had re-assembled, and having called in the aid of the neighbouring Mabodé sent word that they were going to attack me. Finding that they had assembled south of the Nava, near a stream

about fifty feet wide, with marshy banks, I started in the afternoon to attack them in their village, where their numbers would not be of much avail.

Here my men, advancing up the hill, were considerably disconcerted by the showers of arrows



MASOMA, SOUTH OF NAVA.

shot down upon them from little stages or refuges built high up in the trees. Besides this form of attack, the Mabodé had scooped out shelters in the counterscarp of the trench, and had filled them with spearmen, who, rushing out from their places of concealment, thrust their spears in the faces of the soldiers lying on the bank. After half an hour,

having nineteen men wounded, we had to retire to our camping-ground amid the jeers of the Mabodé.

With nearly half my men on the sick-list or temporarily disabled, with ammunition running short, and surrounded on all sides by the enemy, I was obliged to send for men and ammunition to the station at headquarters, five or six days' march distant. Until the arrival of these reinforcements I had nothing else to do but to look after my sick followers and close up as much as possible the gaps in the zareba.

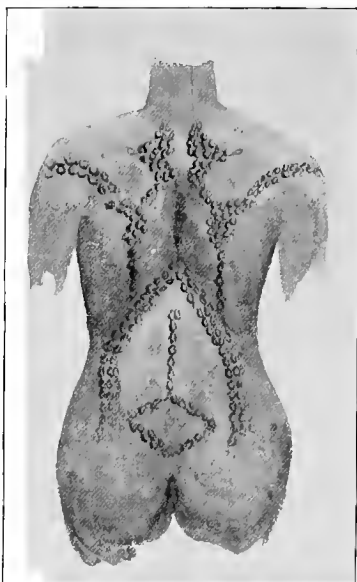
Like the other tribes, the Mabodé do not attack by night, and they were afraid to storm the stockade in daytime; but under cover of darkness they would creep up and fire their poisoned arrows into our camp, taking as mark any light or fire they saw.

On the arrival of Lieutenant Lapluë from N'Yangara with men and ammunition, we again started to pay a surprise visit to our late hosts, who by this time imagined themselves to be all-powerful. We attacked from another point this time, and in a quarter of an hour we were inside, when, as usual, the defenders disappeared in an opposite direction. From here our progress to the Obé was easy—a matter of about three hours' march.

These Mabodé live on the banks of the Rubi,

in large villages surrounded by stockades and ditches, often to the number of three or four thousand together. As the country is fertile, they are an agricultural people, and the land is rich in the oil palm and in all kinds of grain.

Their weapons are spear and shield, bows and



MABODÉ TATTOOING (BACK VIEW).

poisoned arrows, which they shoot down, as we have seen, from shelters in the trees upon their enemies.

The Mabodé are confirmed cannibals, the presence of a white man having had little restraining influence over them. They are not

allowed to eat a blood-relation, though he be killed in war; this, however, does not prevent them from cutting up and cooking the body and selling the flesh thus prepared to others for food; in short, it is considered quite lawful and proper to kill an uncle or an aunt, but having done so it



MABODÉ TATTOOING (FRONT VIEW).

is polite to go round to the neighbours and say, "We killed old uncle to-day; he was in fine condition. What special joint would you like?"

These people tattoo themselves, not as we understand tattooing, but by the excision and removal of little triangular pieces of skin, the

healed wound leaving permanent scars in quaint symmetrical designs, both back and front being subject to this process.

It is chiefly amongst these Mabodé that the Pigmies now live. The Mabodé themselves are smaller in size than the other races around them, especially the women, who are also darker than the generality of their coloured cousins.

The country south of the Wellé, down to the Ituri, is an enormous plain, broken here and there by volcanic hills, from whose summit a view extending many miles may be obtained. This plain is rich in all kinds of grain, and of course the banana flourishes there, the soil being excellent for purposes of agriculture.

On the eastern limit of the Mabodé country occur the Obé, as the extraordinary underground rivers are called. This cluster of streams runs in a south-westerly direction, effecting a junction with the Nepoko at the point where the latter river turns southward on its way to join the Ituri. An Obé is indicated by the marshy texture and appearance of the ground, which is motionless when let alone, but rises and falls under tread of foot. In the rainy season the surface is almost a swamp, not utterly impassable, but extremely dangerous. The natives sometimes cross on their faces, crawling along as best they may. Such is the rapidity of the hidden stream that a pole

driven into the ground that covers these subterranean rivers will be actually snatched away and borne along in the rushing water. In the dry season the surface of the swamp hardens, and is quite safe.

There is no salt in the country of the Upper Wellé. The natives make a kind of saltpetre, which they use as a substitute, from a peculiar grass that is always found where there is anything like an Obé.

They are very fond of a black hairy caterpillar, which they cook and smoke and dry at certain seasons. In their country the zebra is found, in the forests upon the banks of the Nava; though the natives fear them they occasionally trap them for the sake of their hides, which are greatly valued by the chiefs.

The large fish-eagle is a domestic pet. They are caught and tamed, and kept about the place, but are put to no practical use.

Their language is quite different from that of the Mang-bettou, who cannot understand them. They speak not merely in a different dialect, but in quite another tongue.

The Mabodé do not dance, but they are fond of singing. They have no musical instruments; in place of these they take two sticks of dry wood, one as thick as the finger, and the other twice as thick, which they beat together. One sings, and

all take up the chorus, time being kept by the beating together of these sticks. This is their sole idea of music and melody.

I once asked them for a translation of a song they had been singing. It was—

“ They kill us all with the gun.
They killed my father with the gun ;
They killed my mother with the gun ;
They killed my brother with the gun ;
They kill us all with the gun.”

These vocalists were porters, and not men I had been fighting with at all. They had, however, been raided three or four times of old by Arab soldiers, to whom this ding-dong dirge most probably referred.

The Momvus tribe are scattered about among the Mabodé, running south-east on the other side of the Bomokandi. Differing from the rest both in appearance and language, they are said to have come from the south-east. But they themselves have no very clear idea of their original home.

The women are on a footing of equality with the men, and go hunting with them, and accompany them to the wars, taking their part in the combat. The result of this is that the Momvus are looked down upon by all the other tribes, and, not being regarded as a warlike people, are hunted by the surrounding cannibals, to be cooked and eaten. They are a lower type than the others,



NATIVE WITH TATTOO MARKS.

both men and women being shorter, and they differ also in colour from the rest. As a race in all probability they will gradually become extinct.

Their arms, too, are quite peculiar. Their spears, which are heavy, are fitted with an iron head, and are shod with a long solid iron heel. Properly speaking they are an agricultural people, possessing large flocks of goats, but they have no cattle. When fighting they will often take refuge in caves, from which it is impossible to dislodge them, and where they will starve to death rather



ENSIGN OF CHIEF.

than surrender. They rarely attack, preferring to hinder their enemies by blocking their path with trees and other obstacles, which hamper their advance. They sell their ivory to the chiefs of other tribes for ridiculous prices, and these re-sell it to better advantage when dealing with the white man.

The Momvus are a subject race, split up, and under the rule of other chiefs. A few of them retain their independence, living on the southern bank of the Bomokandi. On the march through their country I wanted to know the way to my

next halting-place, and, sighting a native in the bush, called to him to come out. He refused at first, but afterwards he came, halting about twenty yards away. Then he asked if I was a white man, and called to me to take my hat off, that he might convince himself. Satisfied that I was, he joined me, and agreed to show us the way.



FETICH.

He became more communicative as we proceeded, walking by my side and chatting. Presently he told me he was a chief; and noticing that I looked doubtfully at his wretched appearance he said he would prove it. Off he went into the bush, soon to re-appear higher up, bringing with him a tusk of ivory as an offering. He received



BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION ON THE INKISL.

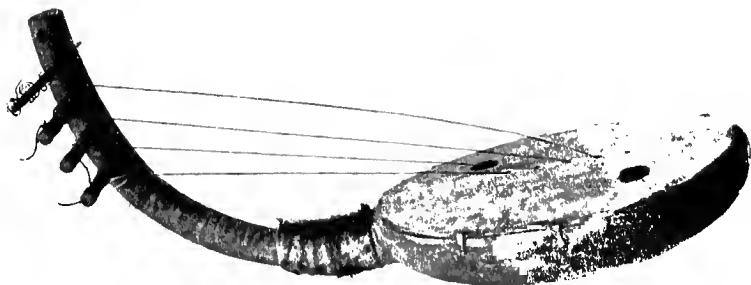
a present in exchange, and immediately disappeared again into the dense bush.

The Momvus use a different method from that of other tribes in making their beer from the palm-tree. The ordinary plan is to tap the tree near its crown of leaves, and to fasten a wide-mouthed earthenware jar under the wound to catch the exuding sap. But the Momvus adopt a more destructive system, the *Palma Elais* being common in their country. The native brewer first selects a palm, not too young or too old; this he cuts down, and, stripping off the foliage from the crown of the tree, he makes a rectangular hole just where the leaves begin to sprout from the trunk, about a foot long, four inches wide, and four deep. Having carefully cleaned this hole, he covers it with bark and leaves, and it is thus left for twenty-four hours. By that time it will be filled with juicy sap, which, when fresh, makes a very pleasant beverage, but rapidly turns sour. A tree thus treated will yield sap for three days.

The Momvus are also noted for their skill in extracting and clarifying the oil from the *Palma Elais*. This is done by boiling the fruit, and straining the oil thus obtained through a kind of sieve made of fibres or grass. They are also very skilful in working iron, making arrow and spear-heads of various graceful designs. Their shields

differ in form from those of any other tribe, being shaped very much like a boy's kite. At the lower end is a sort of basket, to enable them to carry with ease their heavy spears, by resting the butts in this receptacle.

Returning from the Obé, I passed into the territory of Kanna, the big Azandé chief, where we were received with great hospitality, quantities of eggs, fowls, beer, cassava, and bananas having



MAVIMBA, LOWER CONGO.

been prepared for our refreshment. As usual with Azandé chiefs, I did not see Kanna until the day after my arrival. We interchanged presents, but he disappeared next day with his followers, thus affording fresh proof of the unfriendly and suspicious character of the tribe.

Passing on, I came up through the old villages of Assanga, Casati's host, crossing the Bomokandi and returning to N'Yangara.

Being ordered home by a doctor, after black-water fever and malaria, I left N'Yangara on the 30th of December, and reached Djabbir on the 28th of January; stopping on my way down to shoot hippopotami, geese, water-buck, and elephants. On the journey down the river I shot two elephants at midnight, four hippopotami, one water-buck, six red geese, a couple of duck, twenty-eight cranes, and various other birds.

CHAPTER VI

Cannibalism—Its possible origin discussed—Livingstone and the Manyema—The question never properly discussed—Prehistoric cannibalism—Superstition or choice—Cannibals not necessarily degraded—Pigmies not cannibals—Body - snatching—The Bangala—The Bateké—The Mabodé made no secret of it—The way it is done—Among the Bangala—Among the other tribes.

IN the main my observations upon the degrading vice of cannibalism agree with those of other explorers. Livingstone for a long time refused to believe in the practice, until the inexorable logic of facts forced conviction on him when he came in contact with the Manyema. Both Mr. Herbert Ward, the author of a note on "The Origin and Distribution of Cannibalism," and Mr. S. L. Hinde, author of "The Fall of the Congo Arabs," allude to it.

In noting the various theories we must remember that, with few exceptions, the lower animals will not devour their own kind. "Dog will not



FIRST BRICK STATION BUILT ON THE HIGHER CONGO.

eat dog" is an old saying, but we know that if one wolf falls in a pack pursuing a sleigh the rest of the pack will stop to eat him, and that certain snakes will devour each other.

Fierce hunger has driven men of our own race, as a last resource in the pinch of hunger, to satisfy their craving in this terrible way. Sailors in a boat or on a raft have killed their fellows for food, and it is a sailor's gruesome tradition that the liver alone in such case should be eaten, as being the most digestible.

This theory came out with horrible vividness in the trial of the men of the *Mignonette*, who were indicted and convicted of manslaughter for the slaying of a boy, who was the youngest in the boat. Our laws lay it down that under no circumstances is it lawful to take a fellow-creature's life ; but hunger and the dread of death will override all law and induce such fearful tragedies.

In the practices I am about to describe, however, hunger is not a factor, superstition and depraved appetite being the sole incentives. There is an extraordinary religious sentiment connected with this custom. As we have said, the flesh of relatives is never eaten, and some tribes forbid the use of human flesh to all women. That a cannibal can be kind and affectionate I and others have observed, and no evil results seem to follow from the habit ; indeed from sanitary and

scientific points of view there seems to be no reason why the flesh of man, properly cooked, should not be nutritious. The wonder comes in when we find, as did Livingstone, that in countries rich in foods, animal and farinaceous, the horrid custom is continued.

Food superstitions are many and mysterious, but they will all give way under pressure of hunger; thus a good Jew will never, if he can help it, eat the flesh of pig or blood; but if he were so driven by force of circumstances that he had nothing else to eat, he assuredly would devour them sooner than starve. So, too, a good Roman Catholic eats no meat on a Friday; but such fasting would be foolish and impossible if life itself were at stake.

These and other considerations—such, for instance as the love of the Red Indian for a “rib-roast” of dog—seem to show that the real origin of cannibalism was hunger, and that by a process of heredity and warlike proclivities it grew into a cult. The people who practise it see in it no wrong; so that nothing but punishment and the gradual progress of civilisation can be expected to eradicate the habit. Happily it is now slowly disappearing, and the natives are beginning to be ashamed of a practice which degrades them in the eyes of those with whom they desire to stand well.

Notwithstanding its obvious and vital interest, writers on Equatorial Africa, who must of necessity have encountered races among whom this practice was a part of every-day life, seem, intentionally or otherwise, either to have misled their readers, or to have slurred over all unplea-



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sant details. None seem to have gone to any pains in order to establish the accuracy of the statements they put forward, or to confirm bare assertions founded either upon hearsay or conjecture. On the plea of wishing to avoid a distasteful subject, and quite ignoring its social and

scientific aspect and value, many travellers have deliberately suppressed their notes, or still worse, have gone out of their way to give false information—fearful lest the truth should offend.

Much has, however, been said by various writers on what may be called the theoretical side of cannibalism; by which I mean speculation as to its origin, its history, and its effects upon the people who practise it. In a geographical journal for July, 1893, we find the following words: "Cannibalism seems to have prevailed to a considerable extent among the primitive inhabitants of Europe, and still more in America. The fact that no traces of it have been found dating back to palæolithic times, while the lower animals rarely devour their own species, seems to show that a certain degree of intelligence was first attained." With this may be compared the remark of Peschel that the custom is most prevalent among tribes distinguished by a certain social advance.

While instances of resort to human flesh as food in times of famine are widely diffused, the most common cause seems to be the well-known superstition that by eating the heart or other part of an enemy, to which the practice is often restricted, his prowess is assimilated and acquired.

A true note is struck when the writer we have quoted from says that this habit, begun from some



HUMAN SACRIFICE.

necessity, is "afterwards persisted in from choice." In Manyemaland and other districts of the Congo Free State human sacrifices and religious rites are wholly distinct from cannibalism, which is persisted in deliberately.

Livingstone, who was the first Englishman to cross the Manyema country, travelled through the district in company with a party of Arab slave-traders, under whose protection he placed himself in 1869—not from choice, but as the only means by which it was possible for him to penetrate into those dangerous parts. The journey was protracted; halts were long and frequent; and so he was enabled to watch closely the habits, haunts, and customs of the Manyema people.

Very slowly and with great reluctance Livingstone became convinced that from whatever cause their cannibalism might have originated, it had then nothing whatever to do with superstition or religious rites. The natives made no endeavour to conceal their liking for human flesh, and the great traveller could no longer close his eyes to a self-evident fact. Since the country was full of animal and vegetable food, and starvation was an impossible plea, cannibalism could alone be accounted for by the assumption that it was the result of a depraved appetite, or the outcome of greediness. "Yet," said Livingstone, "they are a fine-looking race; I would back a company

of Manyemamen to be far superior in shape of head, and generally in physical form, to the whole Anthropological Society."

This unnatural practice stands by itself, seeming not in any way to affect or retard the development of the better emotions. Thus, tribes to whom cannibalism is quite foreign are in many cases more bloodthirsty, and far less advanced, both morally and socially, than others openly addicted to it. It does not follow at all that because the natives of the interior evince a liking for human flesh, they are, on the whole, inferior to those who treat the practice with contempt and abhorrence.

On this subject Mr. Herbert Ward, author of "Five Years Among the Congo Cannibals," makes the following statement: "It must not be supposed that the cannibal tribes of the interior are altogether brutal in every action of life. On the contrary, I have observed more frequent traits of affection for wife and children than are exhibited in the conduct of domestic affairs among the people of the lower or Ba Congo country, who are not cannibals." This remark coincides so exactly with my own observations that I am glad to quote it in full.

The same argument applies also to the dwarfs or Pigmy races of Central Africa, who are of a very low type. They build the worst huts of any people in the district; they have no arts, nor do

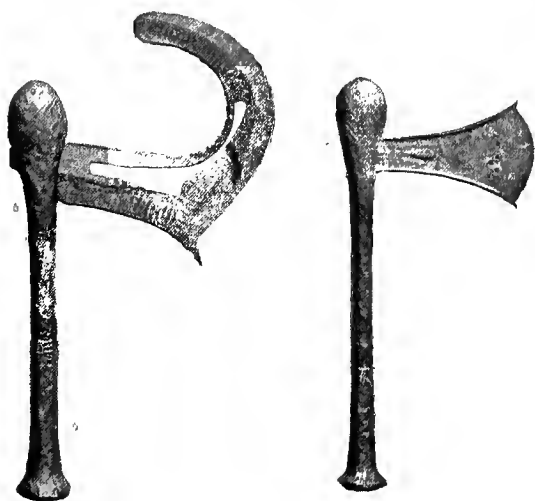
they till the soil. Nomadic to the utmost degree, they subsist almost solely by hunting, trapping, and fishing. Yet they will starve sooner than eat human flesh. In this I am confirmed by Casati, who, in his "Ten Years in Equatorial Africa," gives ample testimony, instancing a fight, and the revelling of the victors as they feasted on the bodies of the slain, while their allies, the Pigmies, weary as they were from fighting, scoured the country round searching for vegetable food.

Dr. Parke, by the way, in his book, "Experiences in Equatorial Africa," inclines to the opinion that cannibalism among the dwarfs does exist, though they do not make a general practice of it. "My Pigmy," he says, "tells me that the people of her tribe *rarely* eat human flesh, and are ashamed of doing so." The doctor, however, made no attempt to verify this assertion, and frankly I do not believe it is at all reliable. I have lived among the Pigmies at various times, and have had excellent opportunity for studying their character and customs, but I have never encountered a single case of cannibalism among them, nor did I ever hear of one. If an isolated instance should have occurred I have no hesitation in saying that it was the result of imitation, for the Pigmies are very prone to imitate their neighbours both in peace and war.

It is a nice literary question as to how Shake-

speare gained his knowledge of "the anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Did he mean cannibals and stunted dwarfs? We shall never get to the root of his shrewd omniscience.

The practice of body-snatching from the cemeteries is frequently resorted to in the Bangala

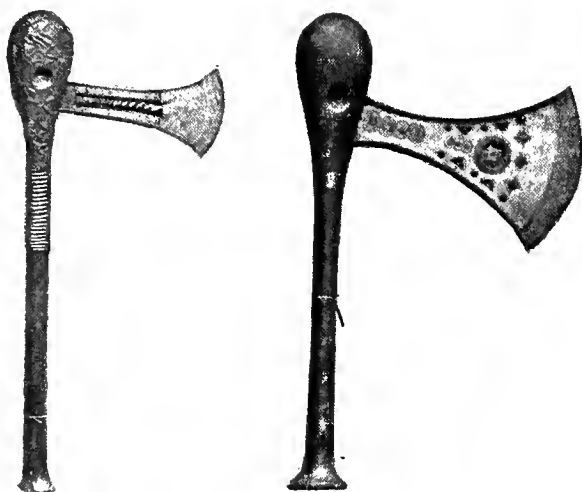


AXES, KASSAI.

country, where the inhabitants are habitual cannibals. As a consequence Leopoldville, the chief station on the Upper Congo, is obliged to keep a regular guard at the cemetery, as the Bangala are constantly coming and going, against whom several cases of body-snatching have been proved. This practice became at one time so common that

nothing short of capital punishment had any effect in putting a stop to it.

The Bangala, besides feasting on the bodies of those slain in battle, are also in the habit of killing men for food. Their method of preparation is a cruel one, but it is curious, and one is inclined to think there must be some hidden origin and



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history behind it. The prisoner or slave who is to grace the feast is not killed outright. Three days beforehand his limbs are broken, after which he is placed chin-deep in a pool of water, his head being fastened to a log so that he may not be drowned. On the third day he is taken out and killed. This process is supposed to make his

flesh more tender, but it is difficult to see how the Bangala can have arrived at this conclusion.

Mr. S. L. Hinde tells the following story, which will serve to illustrate the man-eating propensities of the Bangala: "When I was returning from Stanley Falls on my homeward journey six of the crew were in irons on board ship, whom the captain delivered up to justice at Bangala for having eaten two of their number during the voyage up to the falls. I was not at the trial, but the captain told me that two of the crew had fallen ill on the upward voyage, and had been allowed to rest for a short time. On the next ration day these two men were missing, and, upon making inquiries, the captain was informed that they had died in the night, and had been buried on shore. This, however, did not satisfy him, and having his own suspicions he searched the ship and discovered parts of the men, smoke-dried and hidden away in the lockers of the six Bangala, whom he was then handing over to the authorities."

The ordinary native preparation of human flesh for food is not so elaborate as that observed by the Bangalas, but is nevertheless carried out with great care. The body is first decapitated and cleaned out, after which it is held over an ember fire and thoroughly singed, until every trace of hair has been removed. Then it is

carefully cut up into joints, and is cooked—as much as is wanted for immediate consumption—in large pots, the rest being thoroughly smoke-dried over a greenwood fire. But the natives will eat as much as possible while they can, for they are improvident in everything, taking no thought for the morrow, and being ignorant of the most elementary principles of domestic economy.

When prisoners are taken it is very unusual to kill the women for food; though if a woman is unable to keep up with the tribe on a march she is shown no mercy, but is killed and cut up for food on the spot. This, bad as it is, may be kinder than leaving her to die slowly of starvation in the bush, or to become the prey of wild animals that infest the forest; and the blacks never encumber themselves with sick or lame on their march. It is the same on man-hunting expeditions among tribes that hunt men for food. The women are not sought after at such times, but I have no doubt that if a woman were shot by accident, she would be presently devoured.

The heads of those killed for food, as I have already said, are rejected, but the teeth are extracted and serve to make ornaments, such as necklaces and armbands, which are worn by the women. The hair too, when it is not the thick

wool of the negro, is used for plaiting into ornamental strips. Very often the skin is removed from the body of the victim, and is made into drum-heads. In this fashion they are, if report true, followed by the ladies of Paris, who, according to the latest fad, are said to carry books or purses bound in a strip of human skin. The skulls are stuck up on posts around the village. These Central African cannibals have not the belief which is held by others that to eat the heart of an enemy will give them his courage, or that by eating his arms they receive his strength.

While I was conducting a punitive expedition against the Mabodé, I saw a boy hit in the shoulder by a bullet from one of the muzzle-loading guns that are used by the natives, such as they receive in bartering with the traders. Looking supremely unconcerned and apathetic about the whole affair, he was carried to one side by the men nearest to him. I called the men up and told them off to take him up to the camp where the other wounded were lying. They objected that he was only a boy and it did not matter. I rated them for their insubordination and saw my order carried through. But for some time afterwards the men continued to grumble, saying I might just as well let them have the boy for killing when the work of the fight

was done. The boy recovered, and remained with me for a considerable time; but the two men, as well as many of the others who had heard of the circumstance, were highly disgusted with me, and laboured long under a sense of having been the victims of gross injustice.



BOY, LEOPOLDVILLE.

I saw another side of cannibalism during the same campaign. I was sitting outside my tent in the cool of the evening, after camp had been pitched, watching the men get their food ready. The day's work had been a hard one, and a good many on both sides had been left dead on the scene of the fight; there were also a large number

of wounded, and fewer men to get through the camp fatigue work, so we were not clear until nearly dark. Presently in the deepening gloom a man passed me, with a packet on his shoulders, neatly done up in banana leaves. I asked him what he was carrying. "Food," he said; "food for the men." I asked what food it was, and he replied that it was banana food. As a matter of fact he and several of the other men were going continually to and fro from the scene of the fight, cutting up the bodies and bringing them down in small parcels so as not to attract my notice as they passed my tent.

In reality most of them are ashamed of being cannibals, and are much confused if interrupted in their gruesome work. Nearly always after a fight, when they have cut up the fallen and are bringing in the flesh, they will carefully conceal their tracks, so that if you wish to pass through in the same direction they will pretend to tell you of a much better way. "This is a bad path, infested with snakes and wild beasts. It is quite dangerous, and you must cross a wide river, &c., &c. But over there, there is a very fine, clear, easy path," and so on. But they will never let you pass the place where they are cutting up the bodies, if they can possibly prevent you by guile or force.

The Bateké tribe, whose home is in the neigh-

bourhood of Stanley Pool, are not as a rule to be considered cannibals; but the allied tribes, the Apforu, and the Bateké of the French Congo, follow this practice to some degree, as do a section of the Balolo, whose dwelling is on the banks of the Ruki river, and among the swamps of Malinga. Other branches of the same tribe show no signs of it, and deny all connection with the custom.

The whole question is wrapped in mystery, but the authorities I have quoted, and my own personal observations, practically cover all that is known on this matter in Central Africa.

CHAPTER VII

Returning down the Wellé—The name of the hippopotamus—I shoot one—The scenery of a Congo river—Elephants' playground—A night expedition—A chance shot—The second elephant—We follow the wounded elephant into the bush—Ammunition expended—A further supply obtained—The delighted natives—Elephant shooting by daylight—The Mobanghi paddlemen—The dug-out—I miss—The first elephant killed—The second afraid—Bull elephants travel in couples—A "picture puzzle"—An elephant's gentle shuffle.

ON the return journey down the Wellé one day I came across a family of hippopotami in the water a short distance ahead. It had always puzzled me to think how this unwieldy inhabitant of tropical rivers received the name of "river horse." To look at a hippopotamus as he moves his bulky frame along the sandbanks any connection even with a heavy plough horse seems absurdly remote. But the nose and ears, seen protruding above the surface, when the rest of the body is completely hidden under water, have a distinctly equine

appearance, which quite accounts for the origin of the name.

My paddlemen stopped rowing as we came up with the first beast, a big cow. I fired ; the shot was clean, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the animal turn over on her back and sink. A hippopotamus when hit will remain down for any period varying from three to thirty hours, and may come up anywhere within half a mile of the place where he goes under. It was already late in the afternoon, and our halting-place for the night was a village about half a mile down-stream. When my shot hippo came up she would be bound to pass the village, so, deeming it easier to secure her there, where she was certain to be noticed sooner or later by the natives or my own men, I resumed my journey.

The scenery of a Congo river is practically the same in all parts of the country. High banks rise on either side, densely wooded with big trees and thick undergrowth, closely set, and almost impenetrable. So monotonous does this aspect become that the slightest variation is observed immediately. Such a difference forced itself on my notice as we swung down the stream towards our night quarters. The river curved round a projecting rock, just above which there was a gap in the bush where the undergrowth had been trodden down. An uprooted tree lay across the

opening, which had been stamped and trodden quite bare. Evidently it was a place where elephants came to let loose the exuberance of their spirits during the night, for the clay banks and the adjacent forest both gave abundant evidence of having been the scene of that riotous devilment that is peculiar to elephantine sport.

Arriving at the village I sent for the chief or head-man. "Yes, elephants often come there," he said; "they come mostly at night, and as likely as not will return again to-night." That was good enough.

Leaving one canoe in the village I set out late to the scene of the elephants' playground, accompanied by two of my men. It was a fine night; a clear moon shone high in the starlit sky, tinting the trees with silver, and playing across the stream in a thin line of wavering ripples, with the dark expanse of water in the background. Silence was broken only by the soft plashing of the paddles and the rush of water against the bows of our canoe. The jutting rock loomed ahead as we shot out from the bank.

"Stamp, squelch! Stamp, squelch!" Sound travels easily over water, and we could hear the elephants enjoying a high old time as they stamped their solid feet into the soft soil. As we rounded the point in the shadow cast by the rock we could see two big bull elephants pounding the



VILLAGE ON THE CONGO.

clay, or boring into it with their gleaming tusks. As we drew nearer to the open space the brutes ceased their stamping in the mud, standing for a moment quite motionless. Elephants cannot see very far with their little pig-like eyes, but their scent and hearing are keen ; and it was by these that they were warned of our approach. We were now within range, and broadside on to the nearest one ; by clutching the overhanging branches my men held the boat still, and I raised my rifle.

As it is impossible to sight a rifle properly in the semi-gloom of moonlight, the effect of the shot rests between chance and judgment. I did my best, and with fortune on my side the bullet reached the fatal spot between the ear and eye of elephant number one. An elephant, I have noticed, if mortally wounded, always falls to the side on which the ball enters, and it was therefore with intense satisfaction that I saw him slowly collapse towards me on the soft clay, as his companion, startled by the report, made off in the direction of the rocky point. This was well, for had he headed straight into the bush sport would have been over for the evening. The monster skipped over a fallen tree-trunk as a man might clear an impediment a foot high, and followed the bank, not, however, before I had had time to place a bullet behind his ear.

After my shot the boat drifted back some yards,

bringing us opposite to him when he came round the rock. My rifle rang again, but this time the bullet flew winged with less judgment than chance. The elephant may have been hit in the hind quarters, though to hit an elephant in any part but his head is generally about as effectual as sticking pins into his hide. He pushed on unchecked, rounding the point on the sludgy bank, and made at once for the bush beyond.

A cynical philosopher has said we are all madmen, with lucid intervals of longer or shorter duration. I and my natives must have come just then to the end of a lucid interval, for with one accord we beached the canoe and followed that wounded elephant into the bush! Fortunately for us he had not gone far, but stood grunting a few yards inside the brushwood. He was evidently distressed, my first snap-shot having taken more effect than had appeared at the time. I crept up cautiously through the undergrowth till I could see my quarry standing in the low bush, flapping his ears and swinging his trunk. The natives followed behind me with their guns, and within some ten yards we took aim at haphazard, and fired together. Again the elephant grunted and moved forward. Pell-mell we dashed back to the boat, and waited to hear him crash away through the forest.

Slowly we crept out again, stole up the bank

and plugged three more bullets into him. Then we bolted back to the dug-out. This time we could hear him flapping his ears and grunting, but he held his ground. Back again we sneaked, close



AMARYLLIS.

up to him. "Bang!" went the three guns again, and the poor brute, majestic to the last, dropped to his knees, his ears still flapping.

By this time our ammunition was expended, for

I had only brought half a dozen cartridges, never expecting to see an elephant at all, much less two old bulls. So I sent one of my men back to the village for a fresh supply while I waited with the other. The flapping of the elephant's ears ceased gradually, and presently absolute stillness hung over the surrounding bush.

My man soon returned accompanied by some more of my followers and some village folk. Loading again, I and the two men who had accompanied me followed up to the spot where the elephant had dropped. He was lying on his knees, and with the grey moonlight upon him looked like some huge graven image. I fired a shot into his head, but he did not stir. In falling he had driven his tusks, each three feet long, right up to the gums into the hard ground. In a quarter of an hour a couple of hundred yelling and delighted natives were busily at work cutting up the two carcasses.

It was on the same river that my next encounter with elephants took place—this time in daylight. We were coming down a reach of the river that stretched straight ahead for a considerable distance, in fact almost as far as the eye could see. I was sitting in the middle of the leading canoe half asleep under the native awning; the crew, men of the Mobanghi tribe, were paddling gently, singing some boating-song of their own, as they

invariably do when rowing. One man takes the lead with a ditty of purely tribal interest, the text of which he often composes as he goes along ; the others take up the refrain in a chorus at the end of each verse.

I noticed suddenly that they had ceased singing, an indication that something had attracted their attention ; the native is keen-sighted as a hawk, and reads the signs of the river like large print. Nobody spoke ; so, knowing their peculiarity of never volunteering information, or giving any hint save in reply to a direct question, I asked the nearest man if they had seen anything. " Yes, they had." I asked what it was, and he told me there were two elephants standing in the water some way down the reach. I looked ahead, and at first could discern nothing. Presently, as the canoe proceeded, I managed to make out the elephants that my men had spotted a hundred yards back. I loaded my rifle, and cautioning the men waited anxiously till we should come within range.

A native canoe, or dug-out, is of course entirely without a keel, and consequently answers with a roll to the slightest movement of the body, or even of the head. Therefore when one is firing it is absolutely necessary that each person shall sit perfectly still, or the chances of an accurate shot are very remote. But this time it looked easy enough. The elephants were standing in the

water at a half-right turn, facing the river, with their hind-quarters to the ten-feet-high bank, which was covered with thick, high grass. I aimed at the nearer one, sighting as much as possible between the eye and the ear, as the canoe swung down. But as I fired one of the men in front moved slightly; the canoe rolled, not very much, but sufficient to render my shot useless. Frightened by the report, the animals turned quickly round, dashing down the stream and following the bank. I hurriedly reloaded, but the elephants had already turned. They were trying to climb the bank, and I thought all was lost. Once on the summit of the ridge they were as good as gone, for before I could have landed they would have disappeared into the thick bush. I fired at the leader the moment he reached the top; to my delight he slowly raised himself and rolled backwards down the bank, striking the water with a loud splash. The other might at that moment have gained his freedom; but seeing his companion fall in this unaccountable manner, he turned (probably thinking the ground treacherous) and headed back to cross the river, thus placing himself at my mercy. A couple of shots sufficed to cut short his career.

My only other elephant was shot in a different manner, but one so curious as to be worth relating. Bull elephants frequently travel in pairs, and on

this occasion we sighted them at the mouth of a small stream that discharged its waters into the main river. The banks of the streamlet were thickly covered with bush and trees, if possible even denser than the thick brush that edged the river. As we came to the place where we had seen the elephants standing, we found they had gone away up the rivulet. Turning the canoe, we attempted to follow, but the little stream had not sufficient depth to permit of our passage. Scrambling on to the bank we started to pick our way through the bush to see if by any chance the animals had not gone off into the forest, as they generally do when scared.

A Mobanghi led the way ; I was following close behind him, creeping along as noiselessly as possible through the tangled undergrowth, while doing my best to keep up with him. Suddenly he raised his hand, a sign that the elephants were there. I looked, but in spite of the gesticulations of the native could see nothing—nothing but the dense forest, thickly covered with a tangle of brown creepers, festooned among the dark tree stems. As I peered into the dim light that struggled through the overhanging foliage something moved. It was the flickering of an ear. There stood the elephants scarcely five yards away !

Then of course I could see them. It reminded

me of a picture-puzzle, once you can see the outline sought for you are surprised that it ever escaped your notice. I could now trace the huge bulk of the elephant's body, and could see a little pig-like eye blinking. I fired, and with a rush they both made off; the one that was not hit got



SANGO TYPE.

away across the stream, the other turned sharp round to the left and came back in a circle, standing still a few yards from us. I shot him where he stood.

These five were the only elephants I ever killed, but in extenuation it may be mentioned that they

were the only five I ever shot at. To go out elephant-shooting through the high grass or the bush is vanity and vexation, with the smallest possible chance of sport. An elephant can move through the densest forest as we walk across a lawn; to keep up with his "gentle shuffle" is almost impossible in the open, and quite so in the bush; while to follow behind him in the path that he clears is equally futile, for the obvious reason that it is only by shooting him broadside on that your bullet is likely to have the slightest effect.

CHAPTER VIII

Early traces of the Pigmies—Possible relation to the people of fairy legends—The Akka—Division—Tribe mark—Villages—Mental state—Physical state—Instruments—Dancing—Hunting—Weapons—Bananas—Purchase their instruments—Chiefs—Nominal protection—The Albino—Nomads—Burial rites—Under white influence—Their language—Making fire.

IN the course of my travels I came more than once across the Pigmies, and had every chance of studying the make and manners of these queer little freaks, whose history has ever had a strange attraction for ethnologists. Stanley saw and took stock of them, and succeeded in interviewing one of their princesses, who, with her people, lived in the gloom of the great Central African forest. But long before Mr. Stanley's time Herodotus recorded their existence and customs. He tells us, in his own half-serious, half-humorous fashion, of a certain ill-fated warrior who sailed through the Pillars of Hercules, and after failing to

double the Cape of Lybia, then supposed to be surrounded by water, returned to Egypt, and thence to the court of Xerxes, where, in detailing his adventures, he spoke of "a nation of little men who wore garments made of palm-leaves, and who left their cities and fled to the mountains on the approach of the invaders." The "Father of History" is quite concise on this point, speaking with more authority than he does concerning the



TRIBE FROM UPPER MONGALA RIVER.

Troglodytes who could only "screech like bats," or the fabled Phoenix he so quaintly mocks at.

Relics and stories of these mannikins are to be found in all countries: witness the Dwarfs of the German mountains, the Scandinavian Trolls, and the Irish Leprechauns. True, these small folk are now legendary and belong to the enchanted realm of Fairyland; but I have no doubt that at one time they flourished on the face of the earth in the flesh, being ultimately killed off to allow the survival of the fittest; consequently it was of the highest

interest to find some of them in their primitive and aboriginal state.

While we know that once upon a time "there were giants in the land," we have no record to show that they were tribal; but all dwarf history points to a family form, their weapons, customs, and habits being but slightly varied. No nation of giants now exists on the face of the earth; perhaps King Arthur and his knights slew the last of the British variety, and if any specimens remain they are either attached to a travelling circus or killed by Jack the Giantkiller at Christmas-time. The giant, in short, is either a myth or a monstrosity, but the pigmy is still a living and interesting fact. I came across them in the land of the Mabodé, to whom they are much attached, and had exceptional opportunities of making a study of the Akka, as these wee people are called by the Mang-bettou.

They are chiefly found amongst the Mabodé and Maigo tribes or among the Momvus, their district being roughly between two and three degrees north. The Mabodé call them Balia, the Azandé Tikkitikki.

The term Akka, by which the Pigmies are known amongst the tribes speaking the Mang-bettou language, is a corrupt form of Achua or Wochua, the name by which the people call themselves, the prefix W indicating the plural, and being common to other Bantu languages.



PIGMY.

They are known by different names according to the language of the people in whose territory they happen to have made their temporary settlement—Watwa in the basin of the Lunglulu, Balia by the Mabodé, and Batwa (singular Mutua, from the root *Tua*, *Twa*) in many districts of Central Africa.

Mr. Stanley classes them as kinsmen of the Cape Bushmen, and indeed there are many external evidences in support of this theory. Weismann considers the connection between the two races to be unquestionable; and the few deviations in their physical appearance are no doubt to be attributed to the influence of climate or the difference of environment. If we compare Fritch's observations on the Bushmen with those of other travellers on the Akka, we cannot fail to attach considerable credence to the theory of their relationship.

Their height brings them to about the shoulder of a man of average stature, but they are by no means uniform in size. Some are not higher than the chest, while I have found others as tall as a negro of medium height; but they differ from the negroes in many points. They are lighter in complexion, and while the hair of the negro, be he never so fair in complexion, is invariably curly and black of the deepest hue, among the Akka it is not unfrequently a dark rusty brown. Nor are they so hairy as most negroes. The black Pigmies, it is

true, are covered with down, but the red have seldom very hirsute bodies. They are a well-proportioned race, and, with the exception of their remarkably short stature, may be regarded as normal and well developed, not degenerate, as has often been stated, though socially inferior to other tribes.

Nomads by nature, the communities of the Akka are at home in no particular country, but wander from place to place, supporting life by hunting. Though one place seems to be much the same as another to them and to be valued only according to its possibilities as a hunting-ground, these little people have a marked preference for the territories of certain tribes and an aversion to others, within whose confines they are seldom seen. They avoid the Megé, for instance, and show a predilection for living in the neighbourhood of the Mabodé or Moinvus settlements, where they are treated with something more than mere toleration.

They are, indeed, considered as valuable allies whose assistance is worth having against an outside foe ; and, in spite of their small numbers, they are feared as well as respected from their revengeful nature and their hardihood in war. They on their part are quite willing to fight loyally for the chief under whose nominal rule they lead their gipsy life, and will remain in his district on these terms as long as relations between themselves and

the chief are friendly. Otherwise they abandon their huts and move off at once to the neighbourhood of another chief, where they settle afresh and continue to live under a similar tacit agreement.

They are, however, quite independent, and consider themselves under no obligation to the people of the tribe they may for the time be associated with. Thus they preserve their freedom, of which they are intensely jealous, and hold themselves entirely aloof from other natives, among whom they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Dr. Junker, in his travels in Africa, has alluded to the Pigmies as being "thievish." This, however, is unsupported by evidence, the doctor having none at his disposal, and is altogether incorrect. The Pigmy will scorn theft, and whatever may be his failings and natural shortcomings, he ranks far above the negro in this respect. He will lie, deceive, and trick as much as the worst of them, and often with a great deal more astuteness; he is cunning, revengeful, and suspicious, but he will never steal.

The Pigmy is an excellent archer. In this accomplishment he stands far ahead of his negro neighbours, and can perform feats of marksmanship with his little bow and arrows that are really marvellous. He will shoot three or four arrows, one after the other, with such rapidity that the

last will have left the bow before the first has reached its goal. When an arrow misses its mark he will fly into a violent passion, breaking his bow and arrows in his rage.

Fear of their vengeance causes them to be held in awe by other tribes. For instance, a Pigmy will mark out a bunch of bananas in a plantation by shooting an arrow into the stalk, thus signifying his wish for them when sufficiently ripe. The owner of the tree, in dread of their displeasure, would never dream of removing the fruit or the arrow, but would leave it there until the Pigmy should come for both.

Their power of observation, as may be readily understood, is wonderfully keen. Accustomed to depend upon keenness of sight for his daily food, and by his hunter's life brought into close contact with the dangers of the bush, it is not surprising that the Pigmy should have cultivated quickness of sight and keenness of perception to a degree found among no other race of human beings. Mimicry, too, plays a large part in the formation and development of his character, evincing itself not only in his droll humour, but also in the serious facts of his everyday life, for he copies the weapons of his neighbours, and even their habits and customs, where these do not clash with his own.

His mimicry is aided by a good memory, capable

of retaining the most insignificant details for long periods. Dr. Junker tells a story of how he met an Akka at a camp whom he had measured for anthropometric purposes four years previously at Rumbek. "His comical ways," he says, "and quick, nimble movements made this little fellow the clown of our society. . . . His imitations of Hawash Effendi in a towering rage, storming and abusing everybody, were a great success; and he took me off to the life, reproducing after four years, down to the minutest details and with surprising accuracy, my movements when measuring his body in Rumbek."

There are two tribes, distinguished as the black and the red Akka. The black Pigmies are two or three inches taller than the red, but they are obviously an inferior race, not so well formed nor so intelligent-looking as their ruddy kinsmen. These two distinct tribes, who do not live together or apparently assimilate in any way, have in common a heavy overhanging upper lip, and do not tattoo. Extremely exclusive, shy, and wary when in the bush, when taken prisoners they become fearless and defiant. Very vindictive when they think themselves unjustly treated, they are otherwise faithful. As an example of their natural qualities I noted that they are remarkably jealous of one another; they make no friends of their own kind when among other tribes, but will become

very friendly with the other natives. A parallel to this quality we find in the animal world, for wild birds will kill their tame kindred, and the wild mouse will, if he can get at them, kill his caged and delicate white brothers.

Pigmies have apparently no ties of family affection, such as those of mother to son, or sister to brother, and seem to be wanting in all social qualities, asking nothing more than to be let alone, to "live and let live."

Their villages, if such they can be called, consist of groups of perhaps thirty small beehive-shaped huts, each about four feet high; the entrance is a small opening a foot and a half high, allowing just room enough for them to creep through. They make their beds of sticks driven into the ground at four corners, with other sticks placed across, the whole being raised a few inches from the floor. Each village is under the leadership of a head-man or chief.

The low state of their mental development is shown by the following facts. They have no regard for time, nor have they any records or traditions of the past; no religion is known among them, nor have they any fetich rights; they do not seek to know the future by occult means, as do their neighbours; in short, they are, to my thinking, the closest link with the original Darwinian anthropoid ape extant.

Pigmies are strong, sinewy, and muscular, fearless and daring. They have a dislike for water, and are not cleanly in their habits as are other tribes. Very few of them can swim, and probably they know nothing of the art, living, as they do, chiefly on dry land.

The dress of the Pigmies is very simple. The men wear a plain strip of cloth round the loins, the women simply a bunch of leaves. They have no ornaments of any kind—a fact which shows their low development, for women as a rule use ornaments as attractions in savage life as well as in civilised. Possibly when the New Pigmy Woman arrives she will introduce necklaces and earrings.

Musical instruments are unknown to them ; even their dancing is conducted without any sweeter sound than the rhythmical tapping of a bow with an arrow. Their whole idea of dancing is to strut round in a circle, with their legs quite stiff, beating time with bow and arrow, as just mentioned, and adding absurd emphasis to the general effect by their set and solemn countenances.

Having no religion, no family ties, no joy in sports or games, and no fixed home, their one object and occupation is hunting, at which they are such adepts that it is a sight, as has been said before, to see them handle their small bows and arrows. They also carry a short, light spear, a

weapon they have copied from other tribes, but no shield, nor do they poison their arrows, which are not tipped with flint, as has been asserted.

The Beñge poison is erroneously described by Dr. Parke, Medical Officer of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, as the arrow-poison of the Pigmies, and is thus alluded to under article iv. in the doctor's paper on the poisons of Central Africa. There are, however, several discrepancies in his account of the plant and poison, which I have no difficulty in recognising by the diagrams and illustrations that accompany his article.

First I will quote Dr. Parke's delineation, in which I recognise the Beñge poison plant :—

“ *Green Stem.*—This is obtained from a branching shrub which is very common in the forest. It grows to a height of ten or twelve feet, and the stem in the thickest part is not more than two inches in diameter. It is of a dark green colour at the upper part of the plant. The leaves are dark green on the upper surface and a paler tint below ; there are three principal veins or orbs ; and the lateral veins are given off at an acute angle from each of these. The leaf is from three to six or even eight inches long and about half as broad, the large veins being depressed upon the upper and prominent on the lower surface of the leaf. The scrapings only of the bark are used, to the amount of a dessert-spoonful in preparing a tea-

cupful of poison. The plant had neither flowers nor leaves when I saw it."

Writing in conjunction with Dr. Parke, Mr. E. L. Holmes, F.L.S., identifies this as follows: "Judging from the structure of the stem, and the character of the single imperfect leaf brought home by Surgeon Parke, this ingredient is composed of the stems of a species of *Strychnos*, probably *S. Icaja*, Baillon. The scars on the stem are opposite, and indicate opposite leaves, and the venation of the leaf is characteristic of the genus *Strychnos*. Of this there are several African species known, but only two of these have leaves as large as the one under consideration. The *S. Icaja*, Baill. (S. M'Boundou, of Heckel) is known to be used in the Gaboon as an arrow-poison, and by the Pigmies.

"In the Hanbury Herbarium there is a specimen of this plant, and on seeing Surgeon Parke's leaf I at once recognised the strong resemblance to this which it possessed. On showing the Hanbury specimen to Surgeon Parke he pointed out the acuminate apex of the leaf as having particularly attracted his attention in the growing plant, and expressed assurance as to their identity."

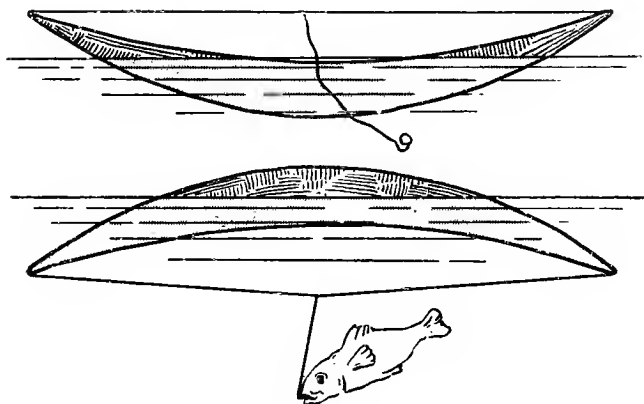
All these details given by Dr. Parke as to the appearance and structure of the plant agree entirely with my own observations. We differ, however, in one important respect. The poison is obtained not

from the bark, but from the *root* of the plant, which is scraped to obtain the ingredient; and although I cannot say anything about the poisonous property of the stem, I can assert that the natives *invariably use the root*, and never, to my knowledge, the green bark. The root, of course, is solid throughout, while the green stem is hollow; and I was fortunately able to bring back with me several specimens of it, with a view to going deeper into the matter. The wood is hard, yellow, and fibrous; the root, when first pulled up, is of a bright red hue, the stem above ground being green. It is from this red coating that the poison is obtained; the stem is scraped, and the poison made after the manner described by Dr. Parke.

For the rest, his description of the plant agrees with my own observation of it, and I am able to confirm what he says as to its barren nature. The plant has neither flower nor fruit—I have seen it at all seasons, and never yet observed the appearance of one or the other. The sketch accompanying Dr. Parke's article shows only the leaf and the hollow stem.

On my return from Africa I sent the specimens to Mr. Holmes at the Pharmaceutical Society's Museum. He very kindly examined them, and thus was able to reassert his opinion that they belong to the genus *Strychnos*, and are in all probability the *S. Icaja* already indicated.

Fully occupied in hunting, Pigmies do not cultivate the soil, and for this reason, among others, as is the case with the Eskimo, they stand low in the scale of civilisation. Skilful trappers and hunters, they can kill even elephants with their little bows and arrows, blinding the animal first by shooting at his eyes. Once he is blind, they never leave him till he falls.



METHOD OF FISHING ON THE CONGO.

They are remarkably clever fishermen. With a morsel of meat tied to a piece of string, and without the aid of a hook, they will succeed in landing heavy fish, while less-skilled fishermen, with hooks and lines, may not be able to secure one.

As a rule the Pigmies take up their abode near a village of some big chief, where they are sure of finding large banana plantations. Though they

grow no food of any kind on their own account, they are extremely fond of the unripe long banana, and their method of obtaining this delicacy is simple. On returning from a day's hunting the Pigmy carefully wraps up several small pieces of meat in grass or leaves, betakes himself to the nearest banana plantation, and, having selected the bunches of bananas he requires, shins up the tree, cuts down the bunches selected, and in payment affixes one of the small packets of meat to the stem by a little wooden skewer. By this means he satisfies his conscience, and can declare that he has not stolen the bananas, but only bought them, for the Pigmy, as we have seen, is very angry at the merest suggestion of theft.

Pigmies do no work of any sort or kind, purchasing their arrow-heads, knives, and spears from the neighbouring tribes in exchange for meat, or for women whom they have seized in the bush.

Each village has a chief, but there are no gradations of rank among the people. Every man fights for his own chief, and has no knowledge of combination, only fighting when necessity demands it. When they attack strangers in the bush they keep so close that nothing is seen of them except their arrows, but in the open they are very plucky. Owning no territory, and having nothing to make war for on their own account, they squat among this tribe or that, according to convenience, but

they show no particular attachment to any one spot, wandering wee Ishmaelites as they are! Native chiefs often try to get hold of Pigmy boys, whom they adopt, and who become a sort of body-guard to them, and spies on their own people.

A striking instance of their disregard for home



A BAS-CONGO CARRIER.

and its memories was afforded when I had occasion to revisit the birthplace of my Pigmy boy as I returned through the Mabodé country. He was with me at the time, but as we approached the village—they were still on the same encampment ground, or very near it—he showed not the least pleasure at the sight of the place. It might have

been his first visit to the district to judge by the absence of any display of emotion, or outward sign that the settlement had once been the scene of his daily life. However, as he had served me very well, apart from the natural laziness of his kind, I thought I might do him a good turn by offering him freedom to return to his people.

To my surprise he besought me to tell him what wrong he had done, to be discharged like this. I explained that, so far from having done wrong, he had pleased me so well that if he liked he might go back to his own people. He looked at me for a moment in bewilderment; then he threw up his head with a proud gesture and walked away, thus intimating that he had not a very high opinion of the manner in which I proposed to reward faithful service.

I called him back.

"You may stay if you like," I said; "but bear in mind that you may go if you like, and that if you don't go now it may be impossible to do so later, even if you wish."

"But I don't want to go," he protested.

I accepted this, and he went out.

A few minutes later he returned. Evidently he had thought me angry with him, and it puzzled him to fit a cause for this, and so, in default of satisfactory explanation, he thought it best to propitiate me.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "If you will lend me five soldiers I'll place two there and two over there (indicating positions), and I'll go over there with the other. Then I'll call my father and mother into the ring, and we will capture them and bring them to you."

I think he was disappointed that I did not accept this curious proposition, which shed a clear light on his ideas of the fifth commandment.

While I was staying at Nigangara Station Du Brency came in to spend a few days. He also had a Pigmy boy in his service, being content like myself to suffer the troubles he caused for the sake of having such a good servant. But two Pigmies in the same station were productive of more excitement than was pleasant. At first they regarded one another somewhat shyly, not to say with suspicion, and would have nothing to do with each other. From severe neutrality it came to defensive hostility, and before long to open warfare. Both were vindictive little wretches, never so happy as when quarrelling. As it was policy to be on good terms with the soldiers and "food-servants," they reserved their spite for their own kind, and were at one another's throats all day long, and on the most trivial grounds. One would get a little more food than the other; there would be sufficient reason for a fight, and they would race each other in bolting their bananas in order

to get in the first blow ; but fighting was always subservient to feeding. When they had battered each other's little heads with their puny fists, a Houssa, or perhaps a white officer, would come out to see what the din was about, and would separate the combatants.

“ Well, why should he have more food than I had ? ” would be the proud explanation. “ After all he's only a Pigmy ! ” This with great scorn, and the necessary vows of vengeance from the victim of outraged dignity.

They had no objection to being scolded in genuine anger, and took a rating manfully ; but to be treated as children, or, worst of all, to be laughed at, was more than they would stand.

A soldier was looking on amusedly at one of their mimic battles one afternoon in the drill-yard ; the cause of war was a battered helmet that one of us had discarded. My Pigmy had it on, and was defending his nine points of the law against his fellow Pigmy. The soldier made a jeering comment on my boy, who left his own quarrel and without a moment's hesitation threw half a brick at the head of the soldier with all the force of which his little arm and big rage were capable. It would have hurt the Houssa more if it had hit him on the shins ; as it was it merely stunned him. Then the young rascal resumed his defence of the helmet.

One of the most astonishing characteristics of these strange little people is their abnormal appetite for all sorts of food. Bananas are their chief delight. A Pigmy, I have no hesitation in saying, eats as a rule twice as much as will suffice a full-



A BAS-CONGO CARRIER.

grown man. He will take a stalk containing about sixty bananas, seat himself and eat them all at a meal—besides other food. Then he will lie and groan throughout the night, until morning comes, when he is ready to repeat the operation. A consequent and characteristic feature of his race

is the distended abdomen; but, that considered, it is difficult to imagine where he manages to stow the enormous quantity of food he can consume at a meal. Occasionally, when I have expressed surprise—when, for instance, he has surpassed even himself—he has assumed an uninterested air, as though the matter were merely the most commonplace occurrence in the world, and the question one to be waived.

“Yes,” he has said carelessly; “there were a few bananas there on a bunch, and I ate them. I suppose that is what they were there for. There’s nothing to be surprised about. I should like some more if there are any to be had.”

As they have no cooking utensils, all their food is roasted or smoked.

The Albino, while very frequently met with among the Azandé and one or two other tribes, is very rarely seen among the Pigmies. I have met very few travellers in Central Africa who have ever seen the phenomenon of an Albino Pigmy, and have only once met one myself during the whole period of my travels among the little race. This one was a character in his way. He was dead-white, without a vestige of colour in his skin, about four feet high and with all the characteristics of his kind. The amusing part of it was that he insisted on claiming kinship with the Mabodé, among whom he lived. Nothing could

convey to him a deeper insult than to say that he was a Pigmy ; he roundly denied the impeachment and proceeded to avenge the stain on his character with truly Pignean vengeance. Ordinarily he spoke of the Pigmies with the greatest scorn as a race far inferior to the Mabodé, to whom he belonged. The pity was that his upper lip overhung to an unusual degree, so that my friend the Albino's story was effectually contradicted by his personal appearance.

The Pigmies have a curious method of fighting which I have had occasion to observe several times. A stranger passing through the bush along a track is fair game to them, and they therefore conceal themselves when they hear footsteps approaching. It does not take much covert to hide a Pigmy. As the unsuspecting victim goes by they send their little arrows at him, and, if the shot has told, the Pigmy who has fired jumps up, utters a little cry, and pats his right arm with his left, immediately afterwards diving behind a bush plant or tree trunk. The Pignies do the same when they are fighting against numbers in regular bush warfare.

One gentle art employed against the stranger who comes by their way is amusing in its display of cunning. The Pigmy fastens a cord to his foot at one end, affixing the other to the bough of a tree that may stretch across the forest path.

Then concealing himself a few yards off he waits till he hears some one coming, when he gently agitates the string so as to shake the bough. Now the least thing of this kind, the slightest rustle or noise attracts the attention of the native, who, from motives of self-preservation, is brought up to notice all the signs of the bush. Accordingly he stands still to see what is coming, and while he watches the curiously moving branch, is promptly shot in the back by the concealed Pigmy. "But," said the Pigmy, when rebuked for such treachery, "he was a stranger. He had no business to be there." It is the old story of Leech's over again: "A stranger! 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!"

A certain chief of the Momvus was literally a "big" chief, one of the fattest and most unwieldy of men it has ever been my lot to see. So corpulent had he become that he had long given up the practice of walking, always allowing himself to be carried about on a litter borne by four of his men. So he became fatter still. His head wife was a massive matron, who added to her corpulency by like laziness.

This big chief, in spite of his inability to walk, insisted on accompanying his men on all fighting expeditions, and personally directed their attacks from the elevation of his stretcher. On a certain occasion I have in my mind he was going down

with his warriors to fight a neighbouring Mabodé chief, and on his way unwittingly passed close to a Pigmy encampment whose inhabitants he had offended some time before. A flight of little arrows from an invisible foe was the first intimation he had of any danger; he could not get down, nor would it have served any practical purpose, because he would not have been able to run away. So he dropped back from his sitting posture and turned over on his face, calling to his wife to do the same, as he urged his bearers forward. Presently a Pigmy darted out from behind a tiny bush and shot off two arrows in quick succession, then he patted his right arm with his left hand, uttered the peculiar little cry that signifies gratification for the effect of the shot, and disappeared again behind the bush. I looked and saw that both the chief and his wife, while lying face downward on their litters, had been shot in that part which thus naturally presented itself as a tempting target.

Where one of their number dies he is buried, and there is an end to him and his memory. They wear no mourning, nor do they erect any memorials over the graves of their dead.

Excellent servants, they are very fond of decking themselves out in the old clothes of their masters, no matter what the fit may be. They will strut about with an old hat, several sizes too large,

coming down over their eyes, or augment their scanty costume by the addition of a tie, not in fun, but in the most serious manner possible, the nearest approach to the decorative instinct I observed.

As their only object in hunting is to obtain food, when they kill an elephant they consider the tusks



BOY AND GIRL WEARING METAL RINGS.

as valueless, and do not even trouble to take them away.

As might be expected, they keep no domestic animals.

It is very difficult to say anything about their language, as an interpreter is rarely met with. I trust the next explorer who comes across them will make some effort to get at their "roots." No

doubt there are latent words and symbols in their utterances, which I regret to say I had not time to solve.

In the South they are called the Wombutti, but are the same people.

They keep fire alight perpetually, starting it in some large tree, which goes on smouldering for months at a time.

So much for my friends the Pigmies, who on the whole live decently and well up to their lights, and are in many ways less offensive than their neighbours, though they may seem to be of lower grade.

CHAPTER IX

The Ababwa people—Fictitious reports had reached me concerning them—The reasons for this—The middlemen—The deference paid by the Ababwa to the Azandé—The country—Customs of the Ababwa—Language—I arrive at Djabbir—An expedition against the murderers of Grahame—The doctor—Wild firing—Terror of the doctor—Volleys heard—No trace of the other column—Attacked by the Azandé—The men demoralised—I form a square—Azandé driven back—The doctor's idea of warfare—Deserted by the other two columns—We return to the station—The chief Djabbir—The corporal promoted—News of Dhanis's disaster—Recruiting—The Mobanghi—Their tribal customs—Make the best soldiers—Frank criticism—Hunters and watermen—Reading the river—The mission station at Upoto—Arrival at Boma.

SOUTH of the Wellé I found the Ababwa, a large tribe who had never been visited by a white man until two years ago, when a traveller passed through the centre of their country from the south-west, and found them a populous, peaceful, and agricultural people ready to make him in every way welcome.

For years these Ababwa had been spoken of as a race of savages living in a land where no white man could penetrate. The Azandé chiefs, who held the whole length of the river, were responsible for these sinister rumours and false reports, and purposely kept them afloat for their own ends, as they were in the habit of purchasing all the



VILLAGE OF KUNZI.

ivory collected by the Ababwa at an absurdly cheap rate, and selling it to the white traders at different stations in the neighbourhood at a large profit, so that they held entire control of the ivory market in that district.

At the same time they were careful to impress upon the Ababwa chiefs that the white man was a living terror, and that any Ababwa who should

venture to approach a white man's station would undoubtedly be hanged, and that all his followers would be made slaves. By this means the Azandé, as middlemen, controlled the ivory market to his own advantage. So great was the dread in which the Ababwa held the Azandé that they never once dared either to come themselves to a white settlement, or to send a messenger, to find out the true state of the facts.

When I passed through their country a big Ababwa chief came to see me, and I asked him to sit down in a chair—a European chair—to him a great honour. While he was sitting there a small Azandé chief entered. The Ababwa chief immediately vacated his seat, offering it to the Azandé with the greatest deference and humility, while the Azandé calmly took it as his right. The Ababwa chief's face was a study when I kicked the Azandé out of the chair, and told my first visitor to resume his seat, as he was a much more important personage than the petty chief to whom he had given up that symbol of sovereignty.

As a race the Ababwa are tall, well-set up and handsome. They are strictly sober, though they have learnt from their neighbours to make maize beer; but in point of morality they are lax, and polygamy is an established custom.

Their land is rich in plantations of bananas and grain, and rubber vine, kola, and various

kinds of gum. Their chief article of barter is copper, which is formed into bracelets and heavy rings. Living in villages surrounded by a large stockade, almost hidden in the bush, they handle with dexterity the bow and arrow and the long, narrow, wooden shield, and use also very heavy shafted spears, and knives with long leaf-shaped blades.

Akin to the tribes in the south-west, on the Itimbiri or Rubi, these Ababwa speak quite a different language from that of the Mang-bettou or Azandé. They tattoo themselves across their foreheads with many little lines or dots.

On my arrival at the Djabbir station on the 28th of January, I found the commandant of the district, Mr. Verstraeten, laid up from the results of malaria, and scarcely able to walk. As he was extremely anxious to go down country, and had no one to whom he could hand over command of the district, he persuaded me to take charge of it, so that he might return to Boma. As the doctor whom I found at Djabbir reported favourably upon the state of my health, I decided to remain.

Mr. Verstraeten, I found, had just arranged a little campaign against the Zandé chief Unguettra, the murderer in January 1895 of the Englishman Grahame; and as everything had been already organised, I had only to carry out the plans of my predecessor.

Had I known as much as I learnt afterwards, I should never have ventured into such a hornet's nest with the soldiers who made up my attacking force. It had been arranged that three columns should march from the north, west, and south, converging upon the head village of Unguettra. Mr. Verstraeten's design was that the three columns should reach that spot almost at the same moment. Unfortunately the western and southern columns did not put in an appearance when they were most wanted, but of that more hereafter.

Leaving Djabbir on the 16th of February with 159 men, with Mr. Sillye and the doctor, the latter overflowing with martial ardour, I disembarked on the southern bank of the Wellé, at a point just north of the point to be attacked. As we were uncertain of the whereabouts of Unguettra, it was necessary to proceed with caution through the thick forest. Marching all night, we arrived next morning at daybreak at a small village of one of his lesser chiefs. Here we were obliged to remain a whole day, for the men were too fatigued to march further. During the night we were aroused by the sound of rapid firing. Hurrying from the hut in which I had been sleeping, I found one face of our square firing as fast as the men could load, straight to the front.

When I had checked the fusillade, I found upon

inquiry that our gallant friend the doctor, scorning anything so effeminate as a night under cover, had placed his chair in the open space between my own and Mr. Sillye's hut. Here he composed himself to sleep, evidently forgetting the Azandé habit of shooting poisoned arrows into the camp at night. The moon being about full, every object in the square was distinctly visible to any one concealed in the neighbouring bush. Evidently a body of Azandé prowling round the camp had noted all his movements, and when once he had settled down comfortably, they began to shoot at him.

The doctor, suddenly aroused to a sense of his danger by arrows dropping all around him, had sprung to his feet, had aroused the sleeping men in front of him by his yells of terror, and had given them the order to commence firing. The men, suddenly startled from their sleep, obeyed the order too literally, forgetting at the moment that our sentries had been posted in the bush to their front. The doctor, not waiting to see the effect of his order, had taken rapid refuge in the nearest hut. By marvellous luck the sentries had not been hit, as on hearing the sound of the first shot they had fallen flat on their stomachs, in which position they remained long after the danger had passed.

On the following day we continued our advance until noon, when, hearing the sound of volleys

which we knew must come from one of our other columns, we halted and sent out patrols, in the attempt to get into touch with our allies. These scouts returned later in the afternoon without having succeeded in their quest.

Starting at daybreak next morning, we continued our march through the forest, and at about eleven o'clock the advance guard was suddenly attacked by a strong body of Azandé. At the same time we heard the report of rapid and evidently uncontrolled firing from the rear guard, where the martial doctor was in charge. After my former experience of him I left him to his own devices, and went forward to support the advance guard. On coming up with them I found they had been thrown into utter disorder by the charge of the enemy's column. To make matters worse Mr. Sillye had been severely wounded by a lance-thrust in the leg—a mischance which completed the utter demoralisation of his men. Forming a square as nearly as was possible in the thick bush, we pushed on with difficulty.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the Azandé returned to the charge, coming up to within a few yards of our square, but the rifle fire was too hot for them to face, and they again retreated. Beaten in their attempts to repeat the tactics which they had carried out successfully against the advance guard, they presently broke and fled.

Shortly afterwards the doctor arrived without his men. It appeared that he also had been attacked by a small body of Azandé, whose intention had been loot. On my asking the doctor where his men and baggage were, he replied that he did not know, asking me at the same time whether it was very disgraceful at a moment of sudden risk to hide behind a tree and lie flat on his stomach. I replied that this was merely a matter of taste and opinion. Sending back a native sergeant and twenty men to look after the baggage and collect the porters, we discovered that the rear guard, following the line given them by their white man, had also run away, throwing their loads to the ground.

Having collected such remnants as the Azandé had not had time to carry off and our wounded, we pushed forward until we reached a small Azandé village. Here we halted, to enable the doctor to attend to Sillye's injuries and the other wounded. This, however, he was utterly incapable of doing, his courage, together with his martial instincts, having apparently disappeared with the baggage.

After a halt of about three and a half hours, receiving no news of the other two columns, and encumbered with one wounded white man who was unable to walk, and some twenty-five wounded soldiers, most of whom also had to be carried,

we moved in a southerly direction, trying to communicate with the column of whose whereabouts we had some rough idea from the firing heard on the previous day. After three hours' march, finding no traces of their passage, and hearing nothing further to indicate their whereabouts, we turned to the west, hoping to fall in



DANCING-WOMAN AND ATTENDANTS.

with them. Being without food, as well as hampered by the wounded, advance was out of the question, and we were obliged to make our way through the forest by the aid of the compass to the nearest post, from whence the western column had set out.

After two days' march through the forest we arrived at the station, to find that the second

column had already returned, the two officers in charge calmly stating that they had heard one column had been engaged, from which they took occasion to infer that their prompt retirement was necessary, instead of advancing to the support of their comrades. The third column had not put in an appearance at all, its commander giving



A DANCING-WOMAN.

various and apparently very good reasons for its absence.

Had it not been for the aid I received from Mr. Sillye, badly wounded though he was, I shudder to think of the fate that might have overtaken our little company. However, in spite of want of food and bad roads, we managed to bring in all our wounded. Shortly afterwards Unguettra, who had

lost heavily in the engagement, sent in messengers to arrange terms of peace, and before long I found that five of the soldiers who had been following the doctor had already come in to the station.

Djabbir, the chief of the Abundja Azandé, is a man of considerable intelligence, and with some knowledge of the ways of civilised people. In his youth he had been at Khartoum, where he had served under Gordon. Returning from Khartoum by way of the Bahr-el-Gazelle, he, with the aid of his brothers, made himself master of the territory which he at present rules, subduing the original inhabitants, the Mobanghi, who now form the greater part of his people. Since 1891, from which year his first acquaintance with the State officials dates, he has always proved himself a good friend and firm ally of the Congo Free State. His importance may be gauged by the fact that he himself sells on an average about a ton and a half of ivory per month to the headman of the station. More civilised than his brother chiefs, he is accustomed to use many of the conveniences of European refinement.

As an honorary captain commandant in the State service, he dons the uniform belonging to that rank on all State occasions. I have already recorded my introduction to him in the mess-room of the station when thus arrayed in European dress. He knows how to conduct himself in

polite society, and, unlike other natives, he is not addicted to lying. When he says he will do a thing he does it, and when he tells you he cannot, you know it is out of his power.

It was at Djabbir's station that I again met the corporal who had so efficiently assisted me in my journey from Yakoma in 1894. I was glad to see he had received the promotion he certainly merited, and was acting in a confidential position under Djabbir.*

At this time I received the first news of the revolt of Baron Dhanis's advance guard. At once the whole of our efforts were directed to obtaining recruits to be sent down to Stanley Falls, who should fill up the gaps made by the mutiny of the Batatela. As recruiting in these districts had become popular among the natives, we experienced very little difficulty in finding our complement of five hundred men within a month of receiving a request for their enrolment. In the meantime I had been to Ibembo on the Rubi, to superintend the departure of troops down the river.

The Mobanghi, whom Djabbir had reduced to submission on his return from Khartoum, are a fighting race, and make the best soldiers on the Upper Wellé.

* It will be noticed that an African station is commonly known by the name of the district chief, so that the same word is used indifferently for the man or place.

They live in small huts and scattered villages, hating their conquerors with an undying hate, and ever ready to fight against them on behalf of the white man. The river-end portion of this tribe wear a tattoo mark vertically down the centre of the face. Those of the interior wear the mark across their foreheads. They are extremely good-



FUNERAL DANCE, BOPOTO.

tempered, faithful, and honest to those with whom they are dealing, but they will steal from others, and are inveterate cannibals.

Great hunters, they will creep up to an elephant until they are close enough to put a gun within a foot or two of his ribs. Their weapons of war are the shield and lance ; they do not use the bow and arrow except as a toy for children.

A very hardy race, they will go for seven days without food when on the march. Not shy, but of a very frank, open disposition, the Mobanghi never bear malice; once corrected for a fault, it is all over and done with, the offence and its punishment being alike forgotten.

Their burial customs are peculiar. When a man



FUNERAL DANCE, BOPOTO.

dies in war all his tribesmen who are present will attend his funeral. The body is sewn up in a piece of bark cloth, and a long piece of grass, or cane, or string is attached to the little finger of the left hand. The grave is then filled in, the string being brought up through the earth to the surface. The mourners form a ring hand-in-hand, one of them

holding this string. A funeral oration is made, bidding farewell to the deceased, to whom they talk as though he were still living. Then they move and turn together, still holding hands, the man who has the string swinging it as they circle round and round.

The only reason given to me for this mystic piece of string was that the spirit of the dead man should be able to shoot straight where he was going, and should be able to find food for himself, by thus keeping some sort of touch with the upper air.

They are extremely fond of dancing. Their capers differ from those of the Mang-bettou or the Azandé in that they are much more lively. Singing while they dance, and making up their songs as they move, generally upon topical subjects, they laugh and are merry at such times, and are never so serious as other tribes.

Always in hopes of throwing off the Azandé yoke, and again establishing the old Mobanghi kingdom, these natives are perfectly fearless; and enlisted in the white service, fitted out with rifle and uniform, they will go anywhere, looking down upon all other Africans. They never lose an opportunity of killing an Azandé, and when sent off to arrest one will be certain to shoot him, if they can only manage it without the knowledge of their officers.

Here is an illustration of their frankness. A

white man one evening had been talking to the Mobanghi around him, trying his best to explain the steam-engine and steam-ship to them. He drew pictures on the sand to illustrate what he said; they listened with intense interest as he went on. At last, tired of talking, he ceased explaining, and asked them if they had understood. "Yes, they thought they had." There was deep silence for some time, and then a voice in the centre of the crowd expressed the unspoken sentiments of the whole assembly in one emphatic word, uttered in a tone of the deepest conviction—"Liar!"

These people hunt both the hippopotamus and the elephant with success. They pursue the former in canoes, attacking them with lances. As soon as the animal turns upon them they dive under water, being excellent swimmers. When, wounded with half a dozen spear thrusts, the hippopotamus is getting weak, a man will catch it by the tail, and while its attention is attracted in front by the movements of the canoes, he will kill it by stabbing it in the ribs with a big knife. The riverside Mobanghi is an excellent waterman.

The paddles of a native canoe on the Wellé are small and short, fashioned like a leaf-shaped spear-head, and not more than four feet long. The paddleman uses them sitting on the edge of the dug-out, facing forward, and without a tholepin. On the Congo the paddle is seven or

eight feet long, and is used standing up. The boat in both cases is steered with a paddle by one man sitting right at the stern.

Native riverside men are wonderfully clever pilots, even on streams where they have never been before. What appears to be their intuition or instinct is really due to close observation. By a ripple on the surface the native steersman will locate the safe course for a boat in an intricate



A MISSION CANOE.

passage, and many other signs of nature are at hand to help him in his craft. He reads the river as we read a book, and is as keen and quick as a Mississippi pilot on the look-out for "snags."

On the 5th of May I was again attacked by fever, and becoming convalescent on the 7th of July I left by the steamer *Florida* to return to Stanley Pool, my three years' agreement with the State having expired. On my way down to the

coast I visited the mission station at Upoto, but was disappointed to find that the Rev. William Forfeit had gone home on leave. However, his *locum-tenens*, Mr. Smith, who had not been long in Africa, received me with open hospitality, such as is only known in countries where the passage of a white man through a lonely station is a great event in the life of those settled there.

Touching at different stations on my way down, I had the opportunity of seeing the boys' colony at Nouvelle Anvers, a settlement under Roman Catholic direction, where some five hundred boys of all ages are educated and taught a trade. Their training is carried on under a system of military discipline ; I saw them on parade one morning, being put through their drill exercise, and the way in which they went through their facings did great credit to their instructors and to themselves.

Leaving Bangala, I was attacked by dysentery, the discomforts of which were increased by my confinement to the narrow limits of a small and overcrowded steamer. At Bolobo the Rev. Mr. Grenfell, one of the oldest missionaries on the Congo, with Mr. Clarke, whom I had met at Lukolela three years previously, came on board to see me.

Reaching Stanley Pool on the 21st, after a delay of five days, occasioned by our having to wait for

carriers, we started down the caravan road to reach the then terminus of the railway, which was open as far as Inkissi River. On my arrival at Boma, Mr. Underwood, Acting British Vice-Consul, hearing of my arrival, insisted that I should be his guest while I remained there, and would take no denial. His solicitude for my comfort was only equalled by his personal kindness, for which I would here pay a tribute of most grateful thanks.



BANGALA NATIVE SMOKING HEMP.

CHAPTER X

The Government of the Congo Free State—Local Administration at Boma—The Consultative Committee—The State Officers — Districts and their commissioners — Native Headships — Department of Justice — Coinage — War Office—Native Service—Regulations the same as in the Belgian Army—The medical service—Powers of the State medical officers—The Red Cross Society—The Missions—The Scheut Fathers—Missionary newspapers—Methods of the workers—Probationary period—Protestant Missions wealthier than the Roman Catholic—English taught to the natives—Publication of native grammars.

SO far I have endeavoured to describe as fully as possible my personal experiences and observations in Equatorial Africa, hoping to interest my readers in those outlandish places and strange races by depicting, with a free use of local colour, some of the most remarkable scenes and scenery of so-called savage life.

We find in these remote regions native warriors loyal to their chiefs, cannibals far less cruel than the name suggests, Pigmies who are mighty

hunters, and honest according to their lights; while danger as a rule is disregarded, and the unwritten laws of hospitality are in full force among the aborigines.

We move, in short, in a land of wonders, and it is but natural that we should desire some knowledge of its present connection with the white man, into whose control the country of the Congo and its people have passed. Let me, then, supplement my story with a few statistics which may be relied upon as authentic.

In close connection with the Central Government, which has its seat at Brussels, and acting under its orders, is the Local Government, whose administrative centre is at Boma. At the head of this is the Governor-General, who represents the sovereign authority within the State, and is charged with the execution of such measures as are decreed by the Central Authority.

The Governor-General is assisted by a Deputy-Governor-General, a State Inspector, a Secretary-General, and one or more directors. These, together with the Judge of Appeal, the Commissioner of Landed Estates, and a certain number of members, not exceeding five, form a Committee, whose opinion is taken by the Governor-General on all matters of public interest which it is proposed to introduce, or adopt, or to lay before the Central Government.

The Governor-General resides at Boma. In case of his absence or indisposition, he is replaced by the Deputy-Governor, the State Inspector, or a *locum-tenens* appointed by the Sovereign ; or in a case where no *locum-tenens* has been appointed, the functions of a Governor-General are exercised by an Executive Committee, consisting of the Secretary-General, the directors, the Head of the War Office, and members elected by the Sovereign.

The various Government offices are :—

1. The Department of Justice.
2. The Department of Roads, Marine, and Public Works.
3. The Commissariat Department, for the verification of accounts, the administrative control of stores, &c.
4. The Board of Agriculture and Industry.
5. The Department of Defensive Works.
6. The War Office.
7. The Department of Finance.

The territory is divided into districts, each under a commissioner ; some of the outlying districts are subdivided into zones, under heads of zones, who in certain cases report directly to the Governor, but send duplicates of their correspondence to the district commissioners, under whose authority they remain.

The decree of the 6th of October 1891, recognised the validity of the native chieftainships, placed under the control of the district commissioners or their delegates. Certain of these chiefs have residents appointed to them, invested with diplomatic powers.

It is interesting to note that in 1896 the white population numbered 1,325, including 839 Belgians, 88 English, 83 Portuguese, 79 Scandinavians, 49 Italians, 45 Americans, 42 French, 39 Dutch, 21 Germans, 12 Danes, 3 Swiss, 2 Austrians, 2 Spaniards, and 21 persons of other nationalities.

Candidates for the Civil Service are nominated either by the Sovereign, the Secretary of State, or the Governor-General, after a medical examination by Government physicians.

In connection with the Congo Free State, various medals and decorations have been issued for services rendered both in Africa and in Europe.

The Department of Justice consists of a Court of First Instance, with jurisdiction over the whole of the Lower Congo. Crimes committed in the Upper Congo by Europeans of a nature punishable with death are also brought before this tribunal. The Court of Appeal sits at Boma; and besides these there are a number of territorial or district tribunals. Over all is the Supreme Council, sitting at Brussels.

The coinage is similar to the Belgian, with this

exception, that the bronze coins, pieces of ten, five, two, and one centimes, are pierced in the centre, to facilitate their transport by the natives, to whom pockets are unknown. The postal service is similar to our own, the Congo State forming part of the Universal Postal Union.

The War Office controls the army, which is now a purely national one. At first the Government were obliged to recruit black troops outside the limits of the State, from Zanzibar, Lagos, Sierra Leone, Accra, Elmina, &c. These were generally enlisted for three years, and were paid a franc and a quarter a day, in addition to their food, medical treatment, and free journeys to and from their homes. A Royal decree of the 30th of July, 1891, determined that the national army should be recruited, apart from volunteered services, by annual levies, within the limits fixed by the Sovereign; the Governor-General marks out the districts where the levy shall be made, as well as the proportion of men to be furnished by each locality, while details are arranged by the district commissioner, in consultation with native chiefs.

The time of active service is five years, and for two years more the men are in the reserve. Their equipment and keep is provided by the State; the pay is twenty-one centimes a day, and besides this the married men receive food rations for their wives. At the end of their time of service the

men and their families are entitled to be sent home at the cost of the State, and receive special protection from the authorities.

The volunteers recruited in each district for a term of less than four years are at once attached to the company in garrison in their particular district, except when the Governor-General directs



CONGO HUT.

otherwise. Recruits enrolled in accordance with the decree of 1891, as well as volunteers enlisted for more than four years, are sent into camps for instruction, where they are drilled before being added to the strength of the existing companies. These camps are controlled by an officer appointed by the Government to inspect them.

The regulations in the drilling of the Congo

troops are the same as those prevailing in the Belgian army. The word of command is given in French. Special attention is devoted to rifle practice, and prizes are given for proficiency in target-shooting. The Albin rifle and its short bayonet are in use among the black soldiers; a certain number of the 1889 Mauser rifles have been allotted to the Europeans.

Soldiers build their own huts. In many places these are now made of brick, instead of mud as was formerly the case. The married men occupy special quarters.

The mess system was tried among the troops of the Congo Free State, but experience proved it to be unpractical. The black soldier prefers to cook his own food, or to have it cooked by his wife if he is married; so that the system of supplying the men with their rations separately has now become general.

Lately military bands have been introduced, and the natives have displayed considerable proficiency upon brass instruments, fife, flute, and drum.

The medical service has been reorganised. Doctors of the second class now rank as lieutenants, and doctors of the first class as captains. The State medical officers have to give their services without fee to the officials of the Government and to natives. To private individuals, and to Europeans foreign to the administration, the

charge is one pound sterling a visit, this being the fee that rules throughout the West Coast of Africa.

There are now fourteen doctors in the Government service, and besides these, the railway has its own medical staff. The Government medical officers have very considerable powers. There is no limit to the quantity of drugs which they are allowed to order from Brussels; they practice with



DISPENSARY AT BOMA.

complete liberty upon their own responsibility, and are quite independent of the station or district commissioner, except from a disciplinary or departmental point of view. Moreover, the doctor is the final judge for exemption from service or furlough; and he alone decides whether an official is to be sent to the coast to recruit his health.

In addition to drugs and medical stores, every doctor has at his disposal a certain quantity

of claret, port, madeira, champagne, preserves, biscuits, essence of beef, arrowroot, &c., which he distributes among the sick according to their needs. These provisions are known in the Congo by the name of "medical comforts." Except at Boma, which maintains a pharmacy with a properly qualified chemist, the doctors are also dispensers.

The Society of the Congo Red Cross was founded in January 1889, for the relief of the sick and wounded, both European and native, in times of peace and war. It has four bungalows at Boma, very comfortably furnished and fitted up, and others are being prepared at various stations. These bungalows, which have a very neat and home-like appearance, are fitted for two persons, and each contains two rooms. At Boma there is also a military hospital, resembling in every respect the most modern and best appointed sanitary institutions in Europe.

The first Belgian Roman Catholic Mission dates from the end of 1888. At present a hundred and thirty-seven missionaries of both sexes are preaching the gospel to the blacks. At the head of these are two bishops, one of whom acts as vicar-apostolic. These missionaries, at the lowest computation, minister to fifty thousand neophytes, catechumens, and aspirants, in at least sixteen villages formed entirely of Christians. There are nearly forty schools, in addition to an orphanage, where more

than five thousand children receive a technical education.

The Scheut Fathers have a steamer, the *Notre Dame du Perpetuel Secours*, which serves their missions on the upper river ; while the Tanganika Fathers own two sailing vessels.

Each congregation possesses and publishes a review in which the letters and reports of the missionaries are printed. The periodical of the Jesuit Fathers, the *Preçis Historiques*, has been some time in existence, having been founded some forty years ago by the Bollandists. It issues an edition in Flemish under the title of *Congo-Indie*, which is published at Louvain. The Scheut Fathers own the *Missions en Chine et au Congo*, published in Flemish and French ; the Mechlin White Friars have their *Missions d'Afrique*, also published in both languages ; the Trappists have the *Messenger*. The *Missions* and the *Preçis* also publish letters from the Sisters.

The missionaries' first work is to instil a love of labour into the negroes, for they very properly maintain that work imparts a humanising influence essential to Christianity. The natives thus acquire some sense of human dignity and responsibility, and when by this means they have been made ashamed of their former idleness, savagery, and ignorance, and their understanding opens, the first seeds of religion are ready to be sown.



TYPE OF NATIVE.

The State hands over to the missionaries large numbers of abandoned and vagabond children and others rescued from slavery, who are all sent to technical schools. Natives who are Christians generally marry and settle in the neighbourhood of the missions, thus forming the nucleus of some exclusively Christian villages. The future of the



A CORNER OF THE STATION OF NOUVELLE ANVERS.

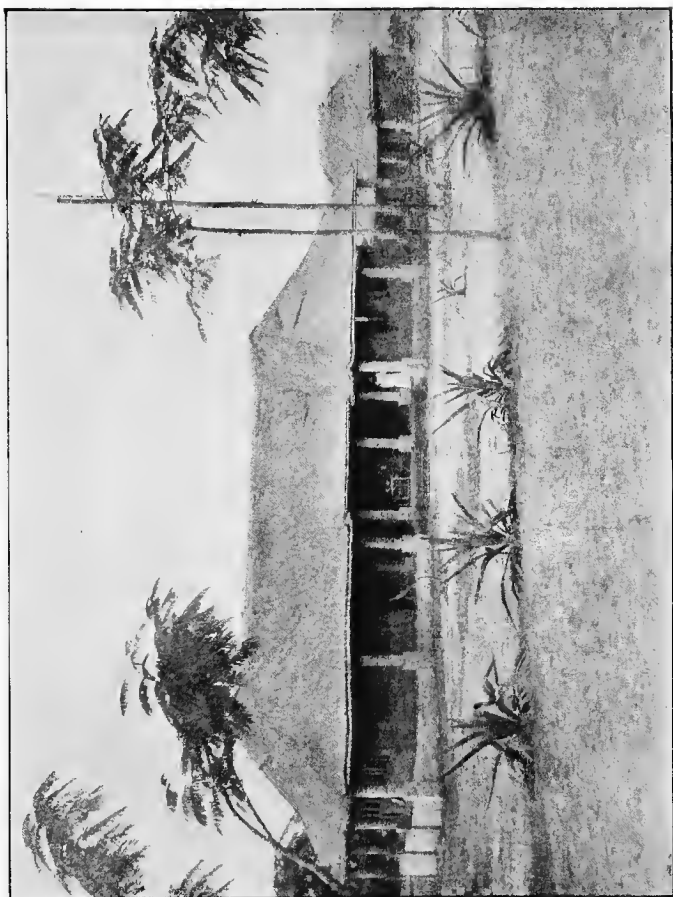
Congo missions really lies in the education of the young natives; it is these, the missionaries say, who will regenerate Central Africa. The adult black is very difficult to convert. The animal, bestial nature of his fetichism appeals to him in the highest degree; and above all he cannot be brought to admit the truth of monogamous

principles. His womankind, kept in a subject condition as instruments of pleasure and toil, represent to him a source of work and consequent profit, so that to renounce his right of ownership in them all seems to him equivalent to ruin.

Those who are converted are carefully watched, and kept closely in hand, by their spiritual fathers, who only admit adults among their neophytes after extreme precautions. They have to undergo a probationary period of not less than four years, and, like the catechumens of the first centuries of the Church, they are not allowed to enter the chapel during this preliminary term; they may only kneel down outside during Mass, and are entrusted to catechists, who instruct them incessantly. Above all, they are not permitted to be idle.

The aim of the missionaries is not to turn these negroes into imitation white men, but into native Christians. They are not loaded with over-much learning, but are brought up to a trade, and are able just to read and write. Married couples are taught agriculture, but it is hard work to induce the man to till the soil, imbued as he is with the traditional sentiment which prescribes that all the hard work of his tribe shall be done by women.

The first Protestant Mission was established in



MISSION AT KIMWENZA.

1877 by English Baptists. Two years later the Livingstone Inland Mission took root, and these were followed by the London Missionary Society, which had two stations on the Tanganika, now transferred to British territory. Afterwards came the Swedish Lutheran Mission (1881); the American Baptist Missionary Union (1883); Bishop Taylor's Self-supporting Mission (1886); the Congo Balolo Mission (1889); the International Missionary Alliance (1889); the American Southern Presbyterian Mission; Arnot's Scotch Presbyterian Mission (1891); and the Seventh-Day Baptists (1893).

In all, the Protestant Missions occupy fifty-six stations, served by two hundred and twenty-one persons of both sexes. Their means are far greater than those of the Roman Catholic establishments. Dr. Guinness's little Congo Mission at Balolo alone has an income of £10,644 per annum, and supports thirty-one missionaries.

These Protestant missionaries teach their people to read and write, and have established a printing press, which publishes a newspaper in the Congo language. A few of the schools now teach French, but the only European language generally taught is English, not one of the Protestant Missions being of Belgian origin. The Protestant Missions have three steamers—the *Goodwill*, belonging to English Baptists; the *Henry Reed*, the property

of American Baptists ; and the *Pioneer*, belonging to the Congo Balolo Mission.

The missionaries apply themselves zealously to the study of native languages, and have published a number of Congolese grammars.



MISSION OF EREBU.

CHAPTER XI

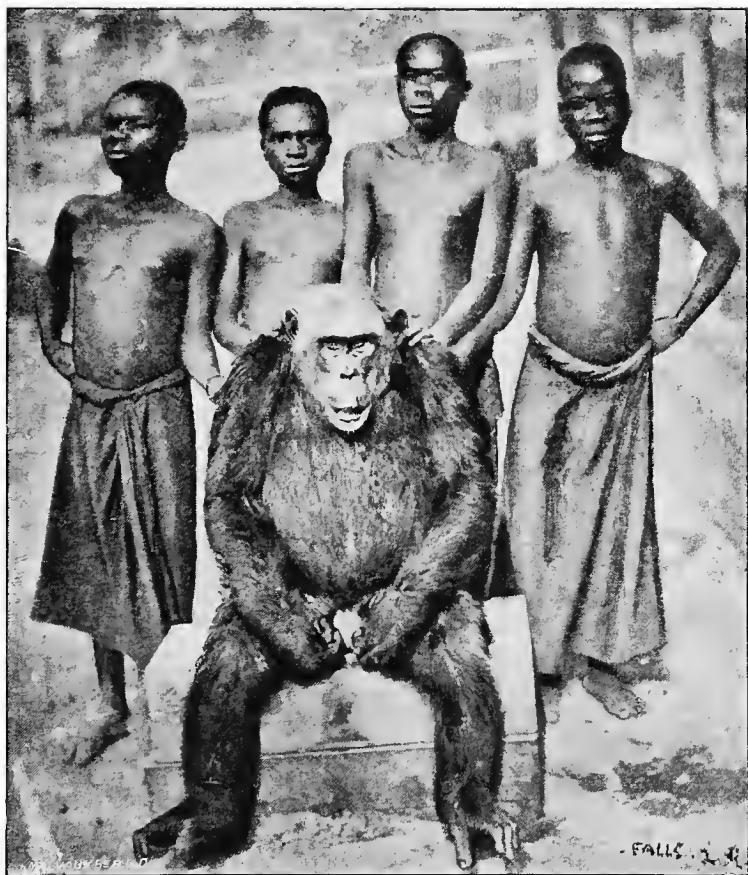
The geology of the Congo—Prehistoric axe-heads—Fauna—The gorilla and the chimpanzee—African elephant—State decrees regarding elephant-shooting—The tusks—Rhinceros—Birds of prey—Reptiles—Domestic animals—Fish—Methods of the natives in catching fish—Flora—Equatorial vegetation—The banana—Manioc introduced from America—Other edible vegetables—Tinctorial plants—Rubber—Textile plants—Cocoa-trees—A relic of Stanley's experiments—Tobacco, and smoking customs—Barter.

THE geology of the Congo is not without interest. Its chief metals, found on the surface, are lead, zinc, mercury, platinum, iron, including many ferruginous minerals, and sometimes gold. Of the last it is said with truth that this has not yet been found with absolute certainty; but explorers have often seen it in the hands of natives, especially on the Katanga. The resemblance of the geological formation of certain regions of the Congo to that of the gold-bearing districts of South Africa lead me to believe that

gold mines will sooner or later be discovered. The districts that give most promise in this direction are the Katanga and the neighbourhood of the Tanganika.

North of the Momvus country, on the right bank of the Bomokandi, rises Mount Tena, a huge rock of volcanic origin. Around this mountain are found prehistoric axe-heads, made of pure, polished hematite iron. The natives find them just below the surface of the soil, and think them to be charms of great value. They have a widespread belief in their healing virtue, and rub with them any part of the body affected by illness, regarding them as magic talismans that have dropped at some time from the skies. Curiously enough, I was unable to find any trace of these or similar relics in any other part of the whole of the Wellé district. Dr. Junker mentions them in his "Travels in Africa," and suggests that in remote times workshops existed at Mount Tena, where these axe-heads were manufactured, and whence they were distributed to the surrounding parts.

Most mammals are found in the Congo. The monkey tribe is represented by many varieties, the anthropoid class being the most interesting. As a rule monkeys are graminivorous, but they sometimes feast upon flesh, and play havoc with the birds' nests; while baboons vary their diet with animal, vegetable, and even insect food.



GORILLA KILLED AT STANLEY FALLS.

The gorilla inhabits the forest regions of Western Africa ; his haunts are between two degrees north and five degrees south. This ape, a wanderer by choice and habit, never attacks man without provocation, though certainly one of the most savage of his kind. The chimpanzee, which has often been confused with the gorilla but is not so large, has been seen in almost every part of the Congo—in the Mayombé, on the banks of the Wellé, in the Manyema where it is called the *soko*, and round the region of the Equator. Among natives in its neighbourhood the existence of this ape has given rise to many legends. They assert that the chimpanzee is a very wild man, that it builds huts, and that it is to be found in great herds between the Congo and Ngiri rivers.

I am told that the brain of the chimpanzee is the one seat of thought among the brute creation which most nearly resembles that of man. From actual observation I can say that I have found the chimpanzee by far the most intelligent and most sociable of apes.

The African elephant is larger and more massive than his Indian cousin. His head is flatter, his ears are much bigger, his teeth more developed, his withers further from the ground. This majestic animal abounds everywhere, but they congregate especially towards the north. At one time, it is said, elephants were distributed from the Mediter-

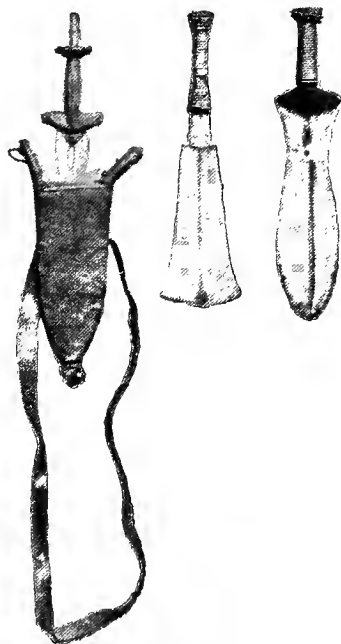
anean to the Cape, but they have been gradually driven back from the Sahara in a southerly direction for the past two thousand years, while at the Cape they have been exterminated more recently.

In the Congo they still exist in their thousands ; but, breeding slowly, they would soon die out if energetic measures had not been taken for their preservation. Yet, although natural and artificial preserves exist in great numbers, by far the most efficacious method of ensuring their survival would be to domesticate them. The fact that the African elephant is to be found, and will thrive, in nearly all the great zoological gardens suffices to show that this is possible ; and I would strongly recommend the importation of elephants from India, such as are trained in capturing their fellows, and also of the mahouts who are expert in driving them.

The average weight of the tusk of an African elephant is about sixty-five pounds, although many of them are much smaller. Lieutenant Hanolet, for instance (now Commissioner-General Hanolet), killed five elephants some years ago in one day's hunting at Zongo on the Ubanghi. The aggregate weight of ivory carried by these five amounted to no more than twenty-two pounds ! It is only fair to add that the explorer killed these brutes merely with the object of suppressing a herd which had

been in the habit of trooping down every night and ravaging the plantations around the station.

There is no immediate danger of the extirpation of the elephant. One must have travelled in Africa to realise the enormous herds of these



NATIVE KNIVES.

animals which have their home in equatorial forests. The woods in every direction show tracks marking their pathways with signs of their turbulence, and several explorers have seen large troops of them thronging the bush in every part

of the Congo territory. Moreover, as I have said, these elephants are very strictly preserved. A royal decree of the 25th of July, 1889, forbids elephant-shooting in any part of the State without a license or special permission; and in addition to this there are close districts and close seasons, fixed by the Governor-General and enforced by the district commissioners. Although this cannot affect the hunters among natives of more distant regions, the primitive nature of their weapons precludes the possibility of anything like wholesale slaughter, while the actual number of elephants killed by white sportsmen does not amount to more than one hundred head in a year. On the other hand, there is always a danger that the timid beasts may be pursued until they are frightened into seeking a more remote refuge in less accessible lands.

The African rhinoceros, clumsy and uncouth, has two horns, differing in this particular from the Asiatic, which carries but a single horn, and his front weapon of offence is sometimes as much as twenty-eight inches long. This huge beast frequents marshy jungles, and is met with in pairs or small companies on the Katanga, Manyema, and M'Bomu. Like the elephant, and second only to it in size among land animals, the rhinoceros marks the distinction between the fauna of the forest region and of the grass plains surrounding it on the north, east, and south, in which countries



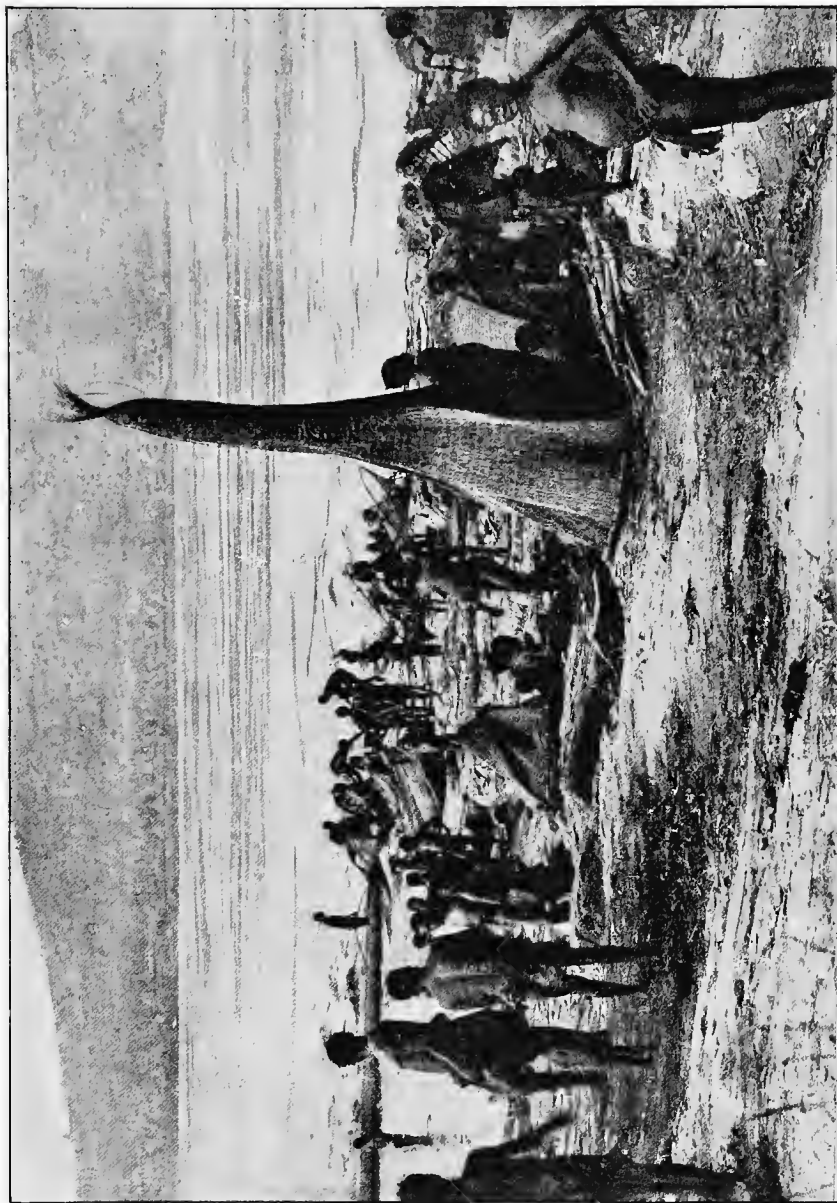
are found the lion, giraffe, zebra, and other creatures unknown in the woods and forests of Western Africa.

The birds of prey include the eagle, vulture, and hawk; and the falcon and owl, which are the worst enemies of smaller beasts and birds; besides these the parrot, heron, crane, ibis, sparrow, pelican, duck, and many gorgeously feathered birds whose names I do not know are to be found in all parts of the country.

Among the reptiles the most remarkable are the boas and pythons, whose bite is not poisonous; the long green river-snakes; the spitting snake, whose saliva, if it reaches the eye endangers the sight; and a most repulsive serpent known as the two-headed snake, which resembles a gigantic earthworm, in that it is difficult to distinguish between its head and tail. Crocodiles are met with in great numbers in nearly every river. Natives are very fond of their flesh, though they can seldom taste it, as a crocodile will sink if mortally wounded; and they have no effective way of killing him on land, unless they happen to catch him napping on the bank and succeed in spearing him. In place of a tongue his mouth is furnished with a small valve, which just shuts up with the gullet. Frogs and toads, the latter of great size, are among the useful insect-eaters of the Congo basin.

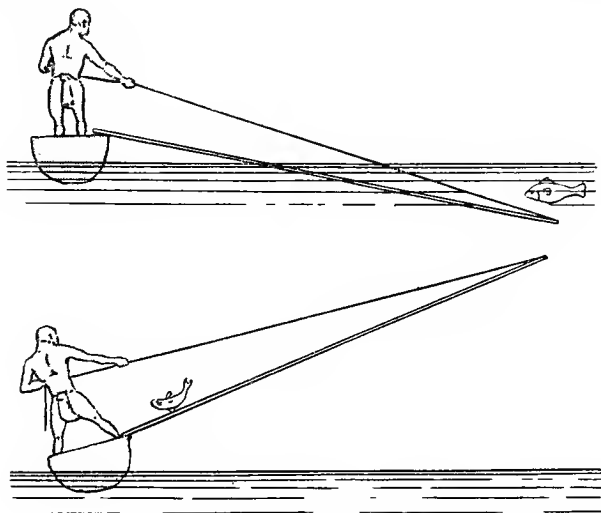
Domestic animals are for the most part imported. The horse is of little use, especially in up-country districts, where there is little fodder, and where the bush is so thick as to render riding rather a trouble than a pleasure. Asses are taken over generally from the Canary Isles, and are found more serviceable, though the same problem of finding food for them presents itself. There are very few head of cattle in the district, a fact ascribed to the presence of the tsetse fly, whose bite is death to them. But on this point I must most emphatically differ, for I have never seen or heard of a tsetse fly in the whole region. Quite another reason, simple and sufficient, decides that it cannot be a stock-rearing country, a reason which is the practical answer to the old question, "Where can fodder be found?" Other domestic animals are the goat, sheep, dog, and cat; and there is quite a large stock of poultry.

Mention should also be made of the jigger, an insect that was no doubt imported from Brazil in the old slave-trading days. It creeps under the skin, generally at the nail, and is hardly noticeable except for the irritation it causes. There it lays its eggs, and, if not taken in time, causes blood-poisoning. At first the natives, not understanding the nature of this pest, died by scores, and so the jigger was established, and spread across the continent as far as Lake Nyassa,



whence it may reach Zanzibar, and even pass over to India.

Fish of all kinds abound in the rivers, and the natives show great ingenuity in their methods of catching them. To kill large fish they sometimes employ harpoons, or even arrows, and their skill in spearing them is most remarkable. They seldom



METHOD OF FISHING ON THE CONGO.

fish with a line, but frequently spread various kinds of nets, stretching these right across the river, suspended on stakes driven into the mud. On the Kwango, where spearing is in high favour, ingenious triple-headed or two-headed arrows are often to be met with, made for the special purpose of spearing fish.

The barbarous process of poisoning the water is not unknown to natives of the Congo. To this end they employ different vegetable juices, which have the effect of stupefying the fish, so that they rise to the surface and float down upon the stream to be caught with ease by those who are too lazy to angle for them. In the case of small streams these natural poachers sometimes construct two dams, divert the course of the stream above the upper dam, and let it run off through the lower, capturing the fish in the drained space between. There are also certain fish that lie low in the mud of dried lagoons, awaiting the return of the rainy season. These are dug out by the natives, and when cleansed and cooked make good food.

Near the Equator vegetation does not undergo a period of regular repose, as it does in more temperate climes where the effect of the seasons is felt. Tropical growth is uninterrupted, and few of the forest plants lose their leaves.

Among food-producing plants the banana deserves special notice. The banana-tree reaches to a height of twelve to fifteen feet, unfolding its magnificent pale green leaves, to be perhaps ruthlessly torn to shreds by the forest storm and replaced at once by new shoots. The flower appears at the end of eight or nine months, and resembles a long-shaped red cabbage, the stalk of which, as the leaves and bracts drop off, often



A LIANA IN THE LAND OF UMANGI.

carries as many as a hundred bananas, while the stem bends under their weight. When the fruit ripens the tree dies, being at once replaced by a number of offshoots, which in their turn develop into fruit-bearing trees.

The cultivation of the banana is easier than that of the manioc, for the tree requires very little attention beyond the cutting of the fruit when it is ripe. Its value as food is appreciated not less by the Europeans than by the natives. A banana orchard is at once planted in every new station, and the shoots, roughly torn off and topped, take root as soon as they are set, and give very little trouble till it is time to gather the fruit.

In the Congo the plantain banana is preferred to the silver sort. The first is a vegetable, and is eaten green, either fried or boiled; the second is a dessert fruit, eaten only at a certain stage of ripeness. Excellent cider may be made from bananas.

The manioc was introduced by American traders perhaps as long ago as two centuries. The natives of the coast made it their favourite food, and carried it eastward with them. It does not require great labour in its cultivation, but the first necessity towards a good crop is a rich soil, such as is often found in the fresh clearings of forests. It is eaten raw, after the husks have been removed, or it may be boiled, and when thus treated resembles the turnip.

Other edible vegetables are the sweet potato, beans, arrowroot, tapioca, Indian corn, millet, other farinaceous plants or products, and the sugar-cane in small quantities.

Oranges, lemons, and pineapples are found in plenty, and the papaw, a fruit that was also introduced from America. The trunk of this tree sometimes reaches a height of thirty-six feet. The fruit, which resembles a small melon, is esteemed a very valuable food, especially for invalids. Its leaves can be used as soap.

As this is in no way intended to be an exhaustive scientific work, a full catalogue of all the produce of this fertile country would encroach upon space reserved for other matter. I therefore briefly record the existence of such condiments as red pepper, ginger, and varieties of vanilla; also of medicinal plants, such as chinchona and eucalyptus, the former largely exported to Dutch settlements. Palm oil and cocoanut oil are to be obtained in quantities, and are much used by the natives for cooking purposes.

It is found that nearly all tropical plants yield colour in a lesser or greater degree. The usual tints thus extracted are yellow, fawn, or red, which explains the rarity of blue or green in native dress and ornaments, to which I have already referred. Indigo is an exception to this rule, but it is seldom



YOUNG COFFEE-TREES SHADED BY BANANAS.

put to any home use by those who cultivate the plant for the European market.

Caoutchouc, or india-rubber, is a fruitful source of income. It is collected from the natives in large quantities, and is sent to Europe to be manufactured, chiefly in Antwerp.

Of the textile plants the veritable giant of the grove is the baobab. The widest tree in the world, it is indigenous to tropical West Africa; in the Congo it is met with in large groves at certain places, such as Boma and Kinchasa, but it disappears beyond the Kassai. Its wood is soft, and useless for any practical purposes, but the bark contains fibres that are valuable for making rope and paper, and also yields an antifebrile drug. The flower is very handsome; the long-shaped fruit, which rather reminds one of a rat hung up by its tail, serves for several purposes; it contains a sort of acidulated pulp, which is employed in cases of fever; dried, it burns like tinder, while its shells serve for the manufacture of various utensils.

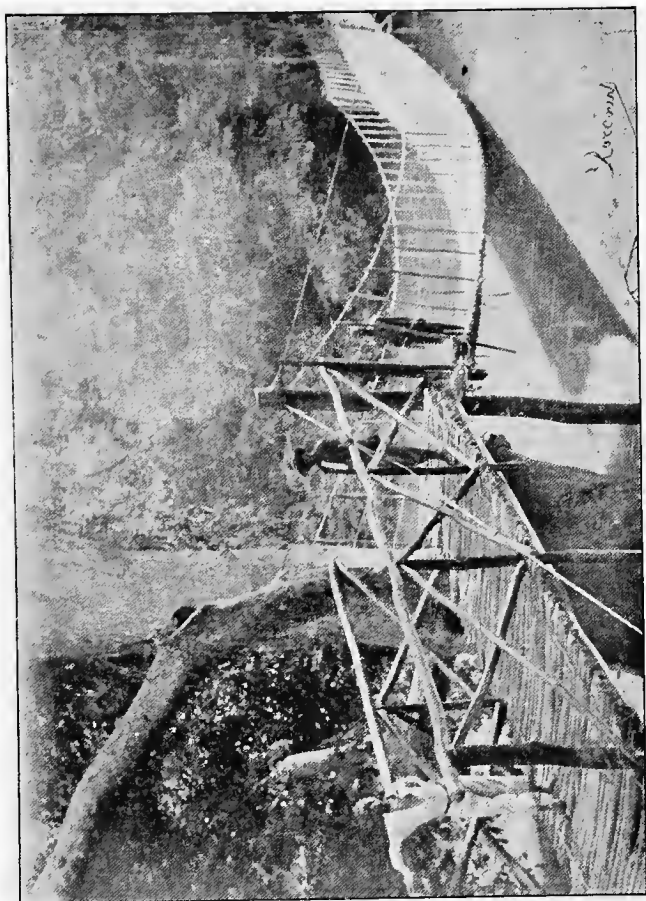
African forests are of great value as a supplement to the woods of Europe. Only those who have seen them can imagine the appearance of these tracts of trees, abandoned to the exuberance of torrid intertropical nature. Many sorts grow in a very intermingled state; some dominate others, but these master-growths are rarely found

grouped in one place. The result is that in order to cut down a number of trunks of the same kind one must cover a very wide area. This fact is perhaps one of the best safeguards against a wholesale destruction of African timber.

Three good things come from the Congo—coffee, cocoa, and tobacco. The Belgian Government has established vast coffee plantations, and the commerce in this article now takes a high place in the returns of the country, having worked its way into the markets of the chief trading ports.

An interesting story is told of the introduction of cocoa into the Congo. In 1887 Lieutenant Liebrechts, then commanding the station at Leopoldville, one day saw a shrub which attracted his attention, as differing from the surrounding plants. Having cleared away all encroaching growth, he discovered to his surprise a large fruit growing straight out of the trunk. The shrub was a cocoa-tree, which, together with some coffee plants and fruit-trees in its vicinity, was a remnant of some experiments made in the time of Stanley's early expedition. The fruit was carefully gathered, the plant jealously watched, and the seed sown; the results of this chance experiment may be seen in quite 80,000 full-grown cocoa-trees at present flourishing in the plantations of the Upper Congo.

Elsewhere I have made mention of the smoking customs and the methods of preparing tobacco



NATIVE BRIDGE.

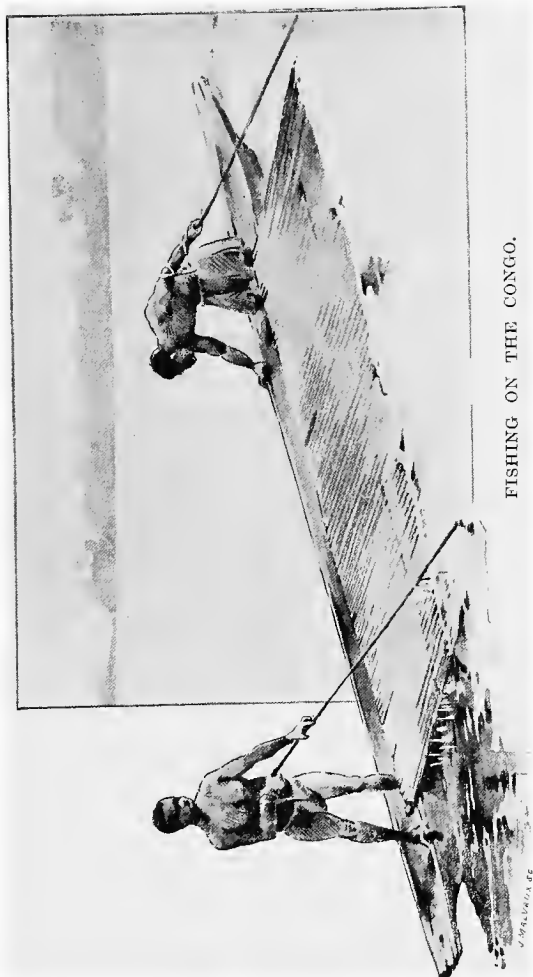
among various tribes. These differ with the several localities, and I have not space to dilate upon them all. Everything is used on the Congo for making a pipe that can possibly suggest itself, such as antelope horns, ivory, calabashes. To make a pipe out of a calabash, however large it may be, holes are bored at the two ends. In one is fixed a little clay cone, which serves as a bowl, and the smoke is drawn through the other end of the fruit without any stem. These pipes, when they belong to a negro of quality, are decorated with brass-headed nails. When an antelope horn is used for smoking purposes, the wide end is applied to the mouth, and the operation of smoking through one of these is more productive of energy than of elegance.

The natives do not smoke their pipes through ; that would be too laborious and painful an operation. As a rule the chief lights the tobacco at a glowing brazier, takes a few puffs, and the pipe is then passed round the circle in order of precedence. The consequent spectacle is amusing. The man whose turn it is to take a draw is eager to lose none of his rights ; with surprising vigour he expands his lungs to their greatest extent, and fills his nose and eyes with the powerful fumes, which make him cough till the tears run down his cheeks, as his neighbour holds out both hands anxious to lose none of his share. While all this

takes place with ceremonious formality, the smoking party seem as serious as if they were celebrating some mysterious rites, so that the impassiveness of their faces adds to the absurdity of the scene.

I did not hear of any natives who chew tobacco. In Sankuru, at Stanley Pool, and in the Lower Congo there are some who take snuff; their snuff-boxes are tiny calabashes, or little caskets of wood or ivory.

The chief articles of exchange are imitation pearls, imported from Italy, Bohemia, Bavaria, and France. Other articles of barter include tin-ware, cutlery, salt, brass, copper pipes, buttons, needles, thread, cotton vests, tin whistles, musical-boxes, trumpets, old-fashioned rifles, blank cartridges for use at festivals and funerals, umbrellas, pottery, matches, candles, and all kinds of clothes except trousers. British uniforms are in great demand. Up-country a traveller pays his way with common red or other coloured handkerchiefs, while in some of the more remote places cowries have been known to form a sort of currency.



CHAPTER XII

The transport of goods on the Congo—Native deserters—
Railways in Africa—A wonderful piece of engineering—
Railway lines in prospect—The schemes of the Congo
Government—An express from Alexandria to the Cape.

A NEW colony, however bright and promising its prospects, can only be started and built up by degrees on such foundations as exist and with the materials that are at hand for its establishment, and it necessarily follows that progress during the early years of its history can be but slow and gradual.

The first condition of success in such an undertaking is the provision of ample and adequate means of transport. When goods have to be carried for hundreds of miles on the heads of porters, along bad bush-tracks, and when it is quite impossible to guarantee their ultimate arrival and probable condition, it will be easily

realised that a great proportion of the profits that should find their way into the pockets of the trader are consumed in the expenses of native transport and by damage to goods. Of course where water-ways are available, this difficulty is in part already overcome, and in this respect the Congo Free State is fortunately constituted by nature, some of the up-country districts having a network of navigable streams. Unfortunately, however, this advantage is greatly discounted by the fact that the six thousand odd miles of rivers and streams discharge their waters into the sea over a series of cataracts between Matadi and Stanley Pool, or Leopoldville, where the nature of the river renders all navigation quite impossible for many miles; while from Matadi to Boma, where the ocean steamers discharge their cargo, there is again clear passage for vessels of large draught.

This series of cataracts, as may readily be understood, was a constant impediment, hampering the work of the State, and a serious hindrance to the commercial interests of the traders; and to this drawback may be ascribed the comparatively slow development of the country in the early days of its colonisation.

The district thus rendered unnavigable—and which was for a long period almost untraversed—is a stretch of wild, mountainous highland.



BRIDGE OVER THE BUNDI.

From the river banks on either side these mountains rise sheer; while the whole neighbourhood is covered with dense forests of enormous trees, and very heavily overshadowed by thick tropical vegetation, and tangled undergrowth. Perilous descents and ascents had to be made, and streams had to be forded, for often in the height of rainy seasons the rush of a mountain torrent played havoc with the rude bridges contrived by the natives. Often too a difficulty has been experienced along the route in getting food for the bearers, who think nothing of throwing away their loads and bolting through the forests to their villages many miles distant, if the food available is not to their liking, or the work becomes at all irksome. Once he is in the bush, you have little chance of catching the recalcitrant native, and may think yourself fortunate if he does not steal the load he was entrusted with into the bargain. The tracks by which these goods had to be carried were no better than indistinct native pathways, so that the trading overseer usually stood the double chance of missing his way in the bush and of losing his men by desertion. Altogether the difficulties to be contended against in the transport of merchandise were so great that we cannot wonder at the Government deciding, at all costs, to build a railway between the points hitherto connected

only by such uncertain links as these caravans of porters. By this means they hoped to develop traffic along the rivers, and, one may say, the lakes, for the effect and result of this two hundred miles of railway was intended to be far-reaching and substantial.

I remember coming across an odd copy of the *Geographical Journal* one afternoon, when a welcome batch of newspapers had turned up to cheer my solitude and to raise my spirits, that were dejected by a perpetual downpour of rain. In this particular number I found an article on "Railways in Africa," by Major Darwin, which, though written on general lines, had a particular bearing on existing needs and circumstances. In one short paragraph the author so aptly summed up the Railway Question of Africa, that I cannot refrain from quoting it. I copied it out at the time, but I regret not being able to give an exact reference, as the paper disappeared among other filched baggage. Major Darwin's remarks ran thus: "To develop the traffic along the rivers and on the lakes is the first stage of commercial evolution in a continent like Africa. But it cannot carry us very far. Africa is badly supplied with navigable rivers, chiefly as a natural result of the general formation of the land. The continent consists, broadly speaking, of a huge plateau, and the rivers flowing off this plateau



ON THE CONGO.

are obstructed by cataracts in exactly the places where we most want to use them—that is, when approaching the coasts. The second stage in the commercial evolution will therefore be the construction of railways with a view to supplement this river traffic. Finally, no doubt, a further stage will be reached, when railways will cut out the rivers altogether. This last stage is, however, so far off that we may neglect it for the present. . . . In going up this great stream (the Congo) from the coast, we first traverse about 150 miles of navigable water-way, and afterwards come to some 200 miles of cataracts, through which steamers cannot pass. Round this impediment a railway is now being pushed. Then we enter Stanley Pool, and from this point we have open before us 7,000 miles of navigable water-way. If this fact is correct, and if the population is accurately marked on our maps, then *there is no place in all Africa where 200 miles of railway may be expected to produce such marked results.*” The italics are mine, and I use them to draw special attention to this most important statement.

The necessity for such a railway became more and more obvious, quite apart from the fact that Stanley, with his customary far-sightedness in matters pertaining to colonial welfare, alluded to the railway as a *sine quâ non* in his report to the Belgian Government, but the lack of adequate

funds delayed all further negotiations for some time.

Meanwhile a syndicate was formed of Manchester merchants, who decided to build the railway at their own expense, to be worked for their own profit, if Stanley could get them a concession from the State. This would not at the time have presented any serious difficulties; but, fortunately for the State, the syndicate collapsed on technical grounds, and further work in this matter was then carried on by the Belgian Government and people. A survey party was sent out under command of Captain Cambier, in 1887, having as its object the plotting of the route and the triangulation of the country along which it was to pass. The party met with serious difficulties and obstructions; the most trifling details were wanting, and had to be determined, for at that time far less was known about the country through which the line was to pass than we know now. The engineers had to make their own geological observations, even the latitude and longitude of the terminal stations was unrecorded, and all the information gleaned from natives was of very little practical value.

But Captain Cambier and his brigade of engineers stuck to their work, with the gratifying result that within a year of starting the route was mapped out and another route surveyed.



FALLS OF THE TCHOPO.

After this the completion of the project was merely a matter of time and money. The latter was raised by a limited company, State-organised, in Brussels, the necessary capital being readily subscribed; and the shares having risen in value during the years of construction from thirty to forty-seven francs, the investment was considered a sound one on all sides. The story of the practical work, and the putting into effect of the surveyors' projections, would make a fair-sized volume. I have only to say that it was carried out by the brigade of engineers of the Congo Company with all possible speed. July last year (1897) saw their efforts crowned with the first measure of success, when the railway was formally opened for traffic as far as the Inkissi River.

On my return journey I travelled over this district by the new line, and, while I cannot speak from the point of view taken by a practical engineer, I am inclined to consider the work as a most marvellous piece of modern railway engineering. I doubt if there are fifty miles elsewhere, even in Europe or America, where the same number of difficulties had to be circumvented, or where so many extraordinary feats of engineering present themselves to the traveller, calling up his admiration and respect for the constructors.

The route among such mountains as flank the

shores of the Congo could not be a direct one, but under the circumstances it would probably puzzle any engineers to have found a nearer way. Still I cannot say it is very comfortable travelling. You look out of the carriage window and trace the line as it winds around the walls of a sheer precipice, or down the rough, boulder-broken sides of a hill—turning sharp corners with a bridge that is thrown across a yawning gorge or gully; you swing round, dashing down a break-neck slope, and next moment you are puffing up the arduous ascent of a mountain-track. The journey is full of surprises, not the least of which are the glimpses and the flashes of charming scenery that attract the eye as you are borne along through hillside cuttings, where every turn reveals some fresh picture of nature's bold handiwork.

The labour employed is partly native and partly white. There is always a white engineer on the foot-plate of the locomotive, while the fireman is generally a native. I am told that there is the making of very intelligent engine-drivers in several of the Company's stokers, which is but another proof of the oft-observed latent capability of the untutored savage. For the rest the railway is run on exactly the same system as a Belgian line, even to excess-charge for luggage. The price of a ticket from Leopoldville to Matadi, I believe, is something like two hundred francs; but by far



NATIVE CLIMBING PALM-TREE.

the greater part of the Company's revenue is derived from the conveyance of merchandise to and from the interior. Already the published sheets show a very handsome scale of profits.

In the beginning of July this year (1898) there is every reason to hope that the line will be in working order as far as Leopoldville, its ultimate destination. The exact route is across the Lufu river to the Inkissi, a distance of about 180 miles; thence, by Matanda, about 45 miles, to Leopoldville.

The primary object of the Congo Company in establishing this railway is, as I have said, to facilitate communication with the interior, and to obviate the necessity of portage that has been so long a standing hindrance to trade. But there is a far greater significance attaching to it, for it is one of the most important links connecting the West Coast of Africa with the East.

Already, under Captain Pringle, R.E., the survey for the Uganda Railway has been completed, and in part the line is already laid. This survey, made in the early part of 1892, was for a line to run from Mombasa, on the coast, to Victoria Station, on the Victoria N'yanza, at Berkeley Bay. A further survey was made round the shores in a westerly direction, but time did not permit of its completion, nor is it a matter of great moment for the present; still it is worth noticing that the Stanley Falls on the main stream of the Congo

are in a direct line with the proposed terminus of the Uganda Railway, and that there is an intention of connecting the falls with the shores of the lake. Once it is completed, the highway will be established right across the heart of Equatorial Africa, and its ultimate effect in opening up the country is incalculable.

The other plans which the Congo Government have in view are hardly of less importance. Far from being content with this single effort, the State officials are busily engaged in the preparation of two grand schemes for improvements in the regions of the Upper Congo, one being to connect Katanza to the navigable water-ways by a railway that is to join the Rhodes Railway which is working its way northward; the other is to strike in a northward direction, in order to effect a junction with the Nile Railway. The State is confident that at no very distant date it will see these schemes accomplished, nor is it blind as to their immediate and lasting value. Should it succeed in realising these ideals, we may look for a vastly different Africa in a few years' time—Africa with a Grand Trunk line from Mombasa to Boma, and a Cape express running from Alexandria.

APPENDICES

I.—LETTER FROM THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

THE agents of the Congo Free State have in recent times been severely tried. Their ranks have been exposed to cruel and repeated blows of fate. Identifying myself with the unanimous regret felt for such painful losses, I am anxious to pay a token of gratitude to all who have gallantly sacrificed their lives in the performance of their duty. As is the case with all great causes, the one which we serve in the Congo has had many victims. To those upholders of manly traditions and pioneers of progress who survive, I desire to address some words which my heart dictates to me.

The mission which the agents of the State have to accomplish on the Congo is a noble one. They have to continue the development of civilisation in the centre of Equatorial Africa, receiving their inspiration directly from Berlin and Brussels.

Placed face to face with primitive barbarism, grappling with sanguinary customs that date back thousands of years, they are obliged to reduce these gradually. They must accustom the population to general laws, of which the most needful and the most salutary is assuredly that of work.

In such countries, I know, strong authority must be im-

posed to bring the natives (who have no such inclination) to conform to the usages of civilisation. For that purpose we must be both firm and parental. In a district like the Congo the native population is at the base of the true wealth of the country, and our first object must be to secure its free expansion. Our refined society attaches to human life (and with reason) a value unknown to barbarous communities. When our directing will is implanted among them its aim is to triumph over all obstacles, and results which could not be attained by lengthy speeches may follow philanthropic influence. But if, in view of this desirable spread of civilisation, we count upon the means of action which confer upon us dominion and the sanction of right, it is not less true that our ultimate end is a work of peace. Wars do not necessarily mean the ruin of the regions in which they rage; our agents do not ignore this fact, so from the day when their effective superiority is affirmed, they feel profoundly reluctant to use force. The wretched negroes, however, who are still under the sole sway of their traditions, have that horrible belief that victory is only decisive when the enemy, fallen beneath their blows, is annihilated. The soldiers of the State, who are recruited necessarily from among the natives, do not immediately forsake those sanguinary habits that have been transmitted from generation to generation. The example of the white officer and wholesome military discipline gradually inspire in them a horror of human trophies of which they previously had made their boast. It is in their leaders that they must see living evidence of these higher principles, taught that the exercise of authority is not at all to be confounded with cruelty, but is, indeed, destroyed by it. I am pleased to think that our agents, nearly all of whom are volunteers drawn from the ranks of the Belgian army, have always present in their minds a strong sense of the career of honour in which they are engaged, and are animated with a pure feeling of patriotism; not sparing their own blood, they will the more spare the blood of the natives, who will see in them the all-powerful protectors of their lives and their property, benevolent teachers of whom they have so great a need.

Our only programme, I am anxious to repeat, is the work of

material and moral regeneration, and we must do this among a population whose degeneration in its inherited conditions it is difficult to measure. The many horrors and atrocities which disgrace humanity give way little by little before our intervention. Each step forward made by our people must mark an improvement in the condition of the natives. From these territories of infinite extent, nearly all of them vague and uncultivated, where the natives could only procure for themselves a meagre daily subsistence, the experience and understanding, the enterprise and initiative of the European evokes wealth and resources hitherto unsuspected. If he creates needs, he satisfies them to the full. Penetration into virgin lands is accomplished. Communication is established, roads are opened, the soil yields its produce in exchange for the articles we make and import. Legitimate trade and industry spring into vigorous life, and in proportion as economic conditions are improved, goods assume an intrinsic value. Private and public property, the basis of all social development, is defended and respected, instead of being given over to the law that "Might is Right."

This material prosperity obviously consolidates the interests of whites and negroes. Their primitive nature will not resist indefinitely the pressing appeals of Christian culture. Their education, once begun, will proceed apace. It is in its success that I see the consummation of the task undertaken by our people, and so admirably seconded by our priests and missionaries. To establish a direct immediate current of communication with the natives spread over the basin of the Congo has been the most important part of our programme, and this was done by Belgium during fifteen years, without the co-operation of any other State. The network of railways and stations has gradually put an end to the incessant warfare of tribe against tribe, village against village, and thus has brought about a rule of peace.

Geographically determined, the Congo is a state whose boundaries are occupied and guarded, a result nearly unequalled in the history of colonisation, but which is explained by the concentration of all my efforts in one field of action.

The difficulties we have encountered will be greatly reduced

with the speedy completion of the railway from Bas Congo to Stanley Falls.

I appeal again to the devotion of which our agents have already given so many proofs. The creation of that fresh means of communication will soon bring forth fruit. It will connect closely the Congo with the mother country, which will prompt Europe (whose eyes follow us) to take a benevolent and generous interest in all our labours, which will convey to our progress a more and more rapid and decisive impetus, and which will soon introduce into the vast region of the Congo all the blessings of Christian civilisation.

I thank our agents for all their efforts, and I reiterate the expression of my royal affection.

LEOPOLD.

II.—A GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

Here I give a small dictionary of the chief words used in the Mang-bettou tongue, to which glossary I have added a collection of colloquial phrases and ordinary terms of conversation. The words are given in alphabetical order, and the phrases are put together in the Ollendorf method.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Mang-bettou.</i>	<i>Ant (cont.)</i>	<i>Emumsiani-ungive</i>
	A.		(very large)
		„	Makakaro (white ant)
Antelope	Nadda (deer), ndi-mbo (grand)	Afternoon	Totiani
„	Nkpedde (blue)	Arm	Nebiba
Animal	Neri	Amulet	nabiko
Arrow	Nembangu	Ashamed	
Arm (fore)	Netckwo	(to be)	nekanyangasini
Alior	Nassoro	Angry	netopakpara
Arrive	mopopoburu		
Ascend (a hill)	(a) mongoli ta kopi		B.
Afraid	neru	Bad	menganda
Axe	n'koombi	Bag	baggara
Awake	n'angaäoonia	Banana	mbipe
Ant	olioli (very small)	„	nabira
„	nebibiani (small)	„	n'mbugu (fruit)
„	nandchutchu (large)	Bullet	nevanga

Bow (instrument)	nekudivè	Cap	Kepturn
Bother	Yanangueh	Cock	Mabangane
Body	nambelu	Cow	muti
Bed	n'karagbah	Chair	nobara (woman's stool)
Bedstead	nego	„	kittypara (native chair)
Beer	aur	Cord	nameiniba
Bread	ebagara	Cooking-pot	nimbu-dekarèh
Bottle	gezaze	Carrier	n'ebili
Box	nepuguru	Cold	netu
Boot	gessoom	Cleanse	kobaru
Black	mekoo	Cloud	Mundugu, banerobu
Basket	netookoo	Rain cloud	nindura
„	baggara (small)	Chin	n'etachiechi
Bead	n'leke	Chain	esserigbi
Butter	nepazu	Cassava	no-u
Big	massibobo	Cry	ungoumoo
„	(persons)	Circle	mekikiri
„	nekipopwo (of things)	Canoe	nekoko
Buy	nebaugwe	Chief	ue Kiné
Behind	nengu	Copper	nattaroo
Blood	aripo	Curly (hair)	Angoi yandedru
Belly	neo	Crooked	ne kere mako
Buck	meme	Crush	korpu
Buffalo	nekibi	Cord	ne duppeh
Black	nameku	Climb (a tree)	kanderubu
Before	ketu		D.
Brother	Yandugu iengwa	Do	Kaësci
Bird	nari	Dear	metetere
	C.	Door	nossoossoo
Cup	n'kosi	Dog	nessi
Come	kieri	to Drink	mambo
Corn	nendo	Death	angunzi
Child	negongwe	Drum	neguku
Crocodile	negondi	Dance	kobe
Cloth	n'roomoo-nogi	Dry season	nebura
	(nature cloth)	Dirty	néduida

Dry	nekaranga
Drop	diporah
Drum (big)	nekudu
to Dam	Kangobu n'eddah
Dumb	otikah
Deaf	ebemato

E.

Ear	nebi
Earring	edenghe
Eat	manijo
Eye	nengo
Elephant	noko
Egg	ebaragaka
Evening	Tabu
Earth	napé
Exist	asedru
Eleusine	ne kiyambo
Eh ! what !	kabbah

F.

Father	papa
Finger	netengwe
Foot	epoindu
Fish	nangeré
Forest (under- wood)	nopi
Forest(trees)	negbondo
Fork	nedjodjo
Fire	nekago
Far	mendondro
Few	peidi
Fly (noun)	anzi
Fall	angude
Finished	angebi
Flee	Kuruengo
Friend	Andragu
„	augaeru
Forget	akubaya

Flour	Kiumbapu
Flower	ungoekbo
Feather	nekudu
Fly flap	nongwé

G.

Good	mombé
Go	{ noli (walk)
	{ maiyo (go)
	{ Kweeo (go)
	{ (Imperative) geza- du (go away far)

Gourd (un- dressed)	nabio
Guinea fowl (black and white)	Corunja
Guinea fowl (black and blue)	Kenge
Giraffe	nabewara
Gun	negundu
Grass(high)	nopi
„ (short)	umma
Give	nabidda
God	ara (allah)
Gourd	nekodu
to Gash	kangovoni ni kotu
Gum (teeth)	nekirikiri
Gone	angoro
Grind	korpu
Grave	kungotetapi
Gum	banderri
Ground	daburu
H.	
His (posses- sive)	baneh
House	nedjo

Hail	ekubibilu
Here	Baza
How	Assidu
Hoe	n'kongo
Hyæna	oongah
Hen	naredra
Hat (straw)	buranita
Hand	anité
Head	nedru
Hair	edrui
Heart	negugu
Hippopotamus	nedrupa
Heaven	norro
Hat	notuku
Heat	Kodemundi
Hunger	nemu
to Hide	angodje
Half	kaki
Honey	neboi
Husband	mashmandra
Hook	nekuruba
Hate	kamomami
to Hail	Kanyakka

I.

I	emina
Iron	nbiké
If	obondené
Ivory	nekoki

K.

Knife	n'dopwa
Kill	matomipa
Kick	angoduna

L.

Lion	mazambula
Leopard	lukundoo

Lemon	nemepopwa
Leg (lower part)	netopu
Lightning	N'imbimbatu
„	n'kirima
„	n'eturu
Lance	Caru
Laugh	ekati
Live	kudi
Little (of persons)	mayeyere
Little (of things)	massasangwe
to Lie	njeie'to
Lip	tipokepi
Lighten	komadendi
Land	neba
Liver	kubia
to Limp	nabruamodai
Long-sighted	nainya mambettwa
Log (for burning)	nakidu

M.

Many	Mekutukutu
More	Mekutu
Man	namasi
Maize	n'endo
Mule	akudja
Mother	yangwe
Monkey	nabura
„ chim-panzee	nozu
Milk	ebagu
Mat	nekanga
Messenger	nadedunbi
Moustache	endulu
Month	nangwekanna

Mouth	tipo
Meat	neri
Mountain	kobi
Manioc	nehu
Melt	angou
Moon	nangwe
Many	
(how ?)	neri
Morning	neburubu

N.

No	kare
Not	kayebo
Nine	Tegeligikanna
Nose	namo
Nuts (pea)	selemoindi
Night	nekini
Near	kundi-kundi
Now	gagaddi
Net	nado
None	a tupa
Neck	nekoropo
Noon	totiani
Nail	n'ekeke
Narrow	nedaur sesangwé

O.

Oil	nezu
Ostrich	nekudu
Orange	namendendenge
Oracle	mapingo
Other	nakaone
to Open	kapu
Oval	n'morbwa tappoo
One-eyed	engamoteh
One-armed	nemingeré
Oil (palm)	nepazi

P.

Potato	namazenge
Pipe	nammepopwo
Parrot	akowa
Python	n'gooma
Pepper	massambala
Porridge	quakie
Pirogue	nekoko
Plate	nagatu
Present	nagazedji
Pin	nogopwo
Powder	nengumbe
Paper	warrigah
Palm-tree	uku
Palm wine	awa
Pan	nepengo
Pot (ordin- ary)	nedeggeré
Pot (large)	nimbu
Paddle	kapi
Pompom	narekudu
Papaë	gissita (Arab)

Q.

Quick	togara
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R.

Red	mengbamba
Road	nei
Reed	essumbo
Rain	n'kuma
Rat	nepi
Rice	nepunga
River	nemaijo
Rivulet	messesangwe
to Run	kuriungo
Rectangular	n'ekarugba
Rainbow	n'ekirina

Road	n'éhyi
Remember	amenganja
Rough (edge)	mababeré
S.	
Sister	nomandro
Son	andrangwa
Shoulder	netebaba
Stomach	neki
She-goat	nismenandro
Snake	netatara
Salt	nagandju
Sugar	naturu
Star	eturu
Sun	neka
Stone	nekopi
Spoon	nebebi
Sunshade	nesisi
Socks	marcub (Ar)
Strong	mapagpara
Sick	nunzi
Seek	maudamunda
to Suffer	nunzi
to Sleep	mangedu-eyé
Shield	n'guma
Sheet	kato
Sing	nolia
to See	magu
to Smoke	mandru netabu
Stop	kallেমudio
Sold at	ebasseye
Sell	kaomaku
Speak	kudia
Skin	kepi
Shoe	makaku
Shame	neganyi
Stumble	angifoo konadi

Scratch	ango gundi
Square	n'morbo
Shut	kagbo
Sesamé	nezizi
Sharp	amamika
to Slap	angatami
„ Strike	angopinoma
„ Slip	angaeriah
Short	mé eyerri
Straight	namameyo
Stop	nepaki
a Shield	nengouma
Stockade	n'egboto
Stick (for back rest)	nybangbah
T.	
Thigh	nedo
Tooth	ekki
To-day	netune
To-morrow	Toboruba (early morning)
Tree	nakere
Thunder	nagbara
Tobacco	tobo
to Throw	kuddi
to Throw over	kato
True	mundia sodru
Thou	immi
to Tie	kori
to Thank	mametetere
Tongue	nekadra
This	dondre
That	nendri
Toe	katwa
to Tear	kangoon
Triangle	n'doga

Top	n'ametippo
to Talk	nekodenapakeri
Tear	ondwoa
Tall	nekeretati
Tie	m'ingati
Tickle	angekirima
Tomato	netanga
Thin	apaedo
Thick	n'bumboru
Trumpet	
(big)	nombrussi
Trumpet	
(small)	nombongo

U. V. W.

White	
(man)	mussungu
(colour)	mobu
Water	egumanbo
Wife	n'andronandra
Warm	mode
Woman	nandro
Wood	kiré

Wind	nebimbatu
Window	nosussu
Wine	awa
War	napu
Where	ari
Wash	mabegu
to Wish	mauma
to Work	nemiru
to Weep	kumu
to Wrap up	anyoma ondrooæ pétte koro
Whistle	nekere
Wise	etiodu etwa
Well	n'dudrui
Whirlwind	nabiri
What	assingwé
eh ? What ?	kabbah

Y.

Yes	ee
Yesterday	oburunde
Year	nekaranga
You	imma

It is desolate and rainy.
 I see a man standing up in the
 boats.
 I am a European, and you are
 a Suaheli.
 We are Europeans, you are
 Suaheli.
 This is a hunter, the others are
 fishermen.
 This inspector is worse than
 that one.

Kakoumonounet.
 Magongou nabour kano angodri
 tekoko.
 Ima nemosoungou em Suaheli.
 Ama nemousoungou, eke Sua-
 heli.
 Nabour oporinet, nabour no-
 ponguet.
 Neloula matende nepagpara
 endri kabasibenet.

This tree is higher than that one.	Nekiret namoda nako mengwu.
This bed is larger than that.	Nigo mepogpo mekanobou.
This ditch is larger than that.	Nekopi nepagpara endri nepara.
It is time for us to go.	Kamayo amayo.
I strike the servant of the Arab.	Mangossou namodia nematema- tamba.
We strike the slaves of the Arabs.	Mangossou mangari namodia nematematamba.
I have a good knife.	Nesapi meballi.
I do not like this place.	Kamsmou edri.
Have you broken the bow?	Mangopou nekoudet?
The man who has broken the bow will be punished.	Emi mopo nekoudet mopo.
The individuals who stole the cucumber out of my garden have not yet been caught.	Naboui egwa nadrone magouke kogadu.
Where is the man who has stolen the bin of the guide?	Adoungwe egua nekoumbi ado- nelu?
The servant has washed the clothes of the European.	Namodwenamandro abewumou nemoungou.
We have loaded the guns of the European.	Kangete futaki naboundouk ne- mounugou.
They have stolen the shoe of the Doctor.	Kangegou markouf nemoganga.
He has destroyed the hut of the Doctor.	Kanopou nedio nemogangi.
You have gathered the nuts of the palm of the European.	Kangoufo oko nemousoungou.
Tell me that I may know also.	Kaboumoko nemangetti.
Tell them not to leave the house.	Kaboumoko nagesabiri indiotto.
Tell him again that I can understand him.	Kaboumoko boumettje.
Speak slowly that I may write down what you say.	Mongodeberet tirri sedou mai waiga.
The master is in the house.	Nekignet nedjotto.
Even when he speaks the truth no one believes him.	Angodjo mobe madendi neto.

See that one who shot at me.	Angawi neborendau nandu.
There is no wind to-day.	Nebattou kanobou netinet.
If you do not understand Sua-	Kagneti Suaheli, madimoko.
heli I will explain it to you.	
If you were intelligent you	Naboureteret nemandou angis-
would understand quite well.	saka pete.
We have four.	Ekoumbi sai qu'a sosiwa.
There are three bananas.	Ebangu d'asotie metete.
You have two long arrows.	Nebangou sorou sanou meteti.
Go and fetch.	Commodru maku.
Put it on the ground.	Ketu duburu.
Sit down.	Kudi duburu.
I will not give you.	Mau-ku-mi-ko.
Shut the door.	Kato nosussu;
Open the door.	Kangi nosussu.
This house is better than that.	Nedjo mombe, endri konombe.
We have put on our best	Mangepiroumou nebali.
clothes.	
These buckets are full of water.	Nede kere egou tope.
The servant will wash your	Nandra kaba nogi.
clothes.	
What is your name ?	Anoru bassi ?
This tree has large red leaves.	Nekere ameli niepopo bangba.
I have the toothache.	Aneke kuboran.
His eyes are black.	Anengo meku.
The elephant tracks are no	Noko andebiri agasinga.
longer visible.	
Look for my key. It is lost ;	Nefoungoula agasinga kamogou.
I do not know where it is.	
The Arabs have not yet arrived.	Ne matamatamba kekouka ko-
	godri.
Are you pleased with the knife	Nesape moge ehamikou ?
I have bought ?	
The cups which we bought at	Nekopi magi zanzibar angounsi
Zanzibar are all broken.	pete.
The palms we planted two years	Oko nedimede nekaranga sowu
ago have still no nuts.	kanoke.
The man whose name I don't	Nabour ekou obowie canati
know will return to-morrow.	anerou.

Is there any one who speaks Suaheli?	Nabour kana abeti netou bag-nene Suaheli?
The Arabs destroy all the houses.	Nematematambas kapopou nedio pete.
People despise those who do not pay their debts.	Kamomou nekegou kamamou-net.
The cook has cooked him every day potatoes.	Nekouk odimasinge kim pete.
Give me a little water to drink.	Komoko egou piedo mambo.
His arrow has wounded me in the ear.	Kaugossou nebi mekou.
Measure the length and breadth of that plank.	Kande egou bari.
This situation does not please me.	Nape endri kanombe.
We shall have eight fat sheep.	Kondoro toa tesernet egi sota sai koba tua.
Wash these ten white coats.	Kaboma egi nebebenet teke.
I saw him bathing and he was drowned.	Magounga nobadiet onzi.
When the clock strikes three wake me.	Neko opoundrenet neroumo.
If the food is ready let us eat.	Agno kebi momagno.
The cook has eaten your bread.	Nekouk agno nekwanga pete.
When Abdullah comes tell him I am out.	Abdullah, ekounet madi noko kai madre.
If they had not been afraid they would not have got this contract.	Kaguewnet mogahoberet noko.
Bring the empty cups.	Ekore nekopo tapurri.
I will buy a very fine pipe.	Mangogi mebali nepoko.
If they don't come we shall eat alone.	Kagnekounet momogno kanna.
When are you going to visit him?	Ekeni kabassi manoya monagnani
What Doctor cured your wife?	Moganga kagna nendro indio?
What tree are you cutting down?	Azekeret moufome?
We do not smoke.	Monoundiouka netobo.

I will buy absolutely nothing.	Kamomou nemaginedou.
Don't you know where my pipe is ?	Kai eti nepoko indri ?
That arrow fell where I was standing.	Nebangou kaisou nape mapo iendri.
We like honey.	Moma nebo.
We like water better than the palm wine.	Moma egou komomo eko awa.
We are all hungry.	Nemori angessi.
We are all thirsty.	Etiongongo angessi pete.
I have questioned him several times, but he has not answered.	Medegonokotua, kana demoko.
You have not done well.	Kagnesi mombe.
Tell me again.	Mabeti.
They won't come to-day.	Ekou opia netoune.
We will not cut down this tree.	Magoku nekirenet.

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